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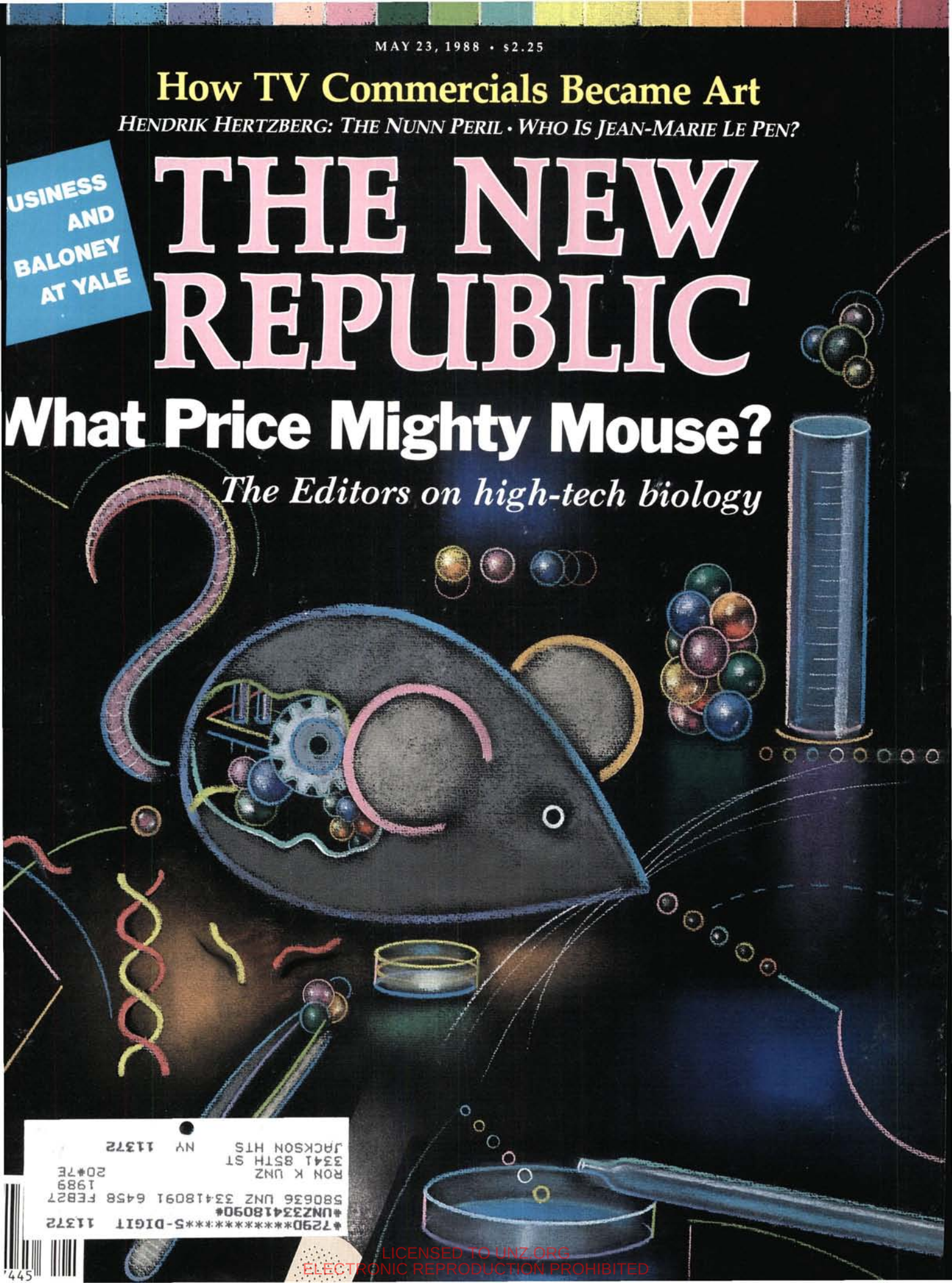

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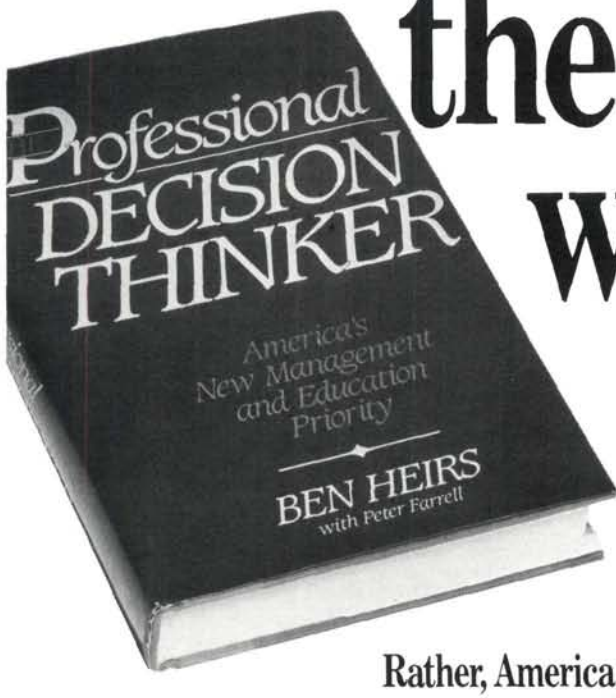

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FROM WASHINGTON

NANCY'S STAR SIGNS

(What do the stars hold in store for you? Write to Nancy's Star Signs, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C.)

Dear Nancy:

Lately I've been overcome by the feeling that I'm not wanted. I'm just a regular guy who runs a large Justice Department here in town, yet many people treat me like an ogre. Past acts of generosity to old friends keep coming back to haunt me. Trusted associates are denouncing me in public and my boss's wife is trying to get me fired. I honestly think I've done nothing wrong, but it's been said that I'm not very bright. Should I quit my job, or should I stick it out?

—E.M. III, Washington, D.C.

Dear E.M. III:

I sense you were born under the sign of Incompetus. Incompetans are noted for their eagerness to do and receive favors, their ethical obtuseness, and their general inability to take a hint. Your Saturn is in Aries, the Moon is in Leo (rising), and your head will continue to be up Uranus for the foreseeable future. This is a good moment to heed the counsel of advisers recommending an immediate change of scene. A new chapter of your life is about to open. Seize the opportunity, but proceed with great caution. Your freedom of movement may be curtailed for five to seven years, with time off for good behavior.

Dear Nancy:

I consider myself an easy person to get along with, yet my husband's career requires me to socialize with one woman I find it very difficult to relate to. Could this be because she is an Anorexian and I am a Marxist-Leninist? This woman and her husband are coming to visit later this month. I dread another round of her mindless nattering about furniture and clothes and children, not to mention her catty put-downs of Soviet society. How can I minimize tension, while at the same time making it clear that I think she is a desiccated symbol of oppressed womanhood under capitalism, and a bitch to boot?

—(Ms.) R.G., Moscow

Dear R.G.:

Fortunately, in late May, Glasnost will be in the House of Stalin and Mars will be receding from Afghanistan. This is an auspicious moment for reaching out and establishing new relationships. Also for redecorating the guest room, especially in soothing shades of blue-gray and off-white. Fido, the dog star, will be rising through the constellation of Herpes. During this period, special effort must be made to avoid topics of discord such as international relations and comparative economic systems. Reflect on whether past tensions may not have been your own fault, and watch who you're calling a bitch, you overdressed, overeducated, defeminized Communist excuse for a woman.

Dear Nancy:

I would like to become more charismatic. Although my ethnic heritage entitles me to an earthy, raucous, fun-loving personality, I am widely regarded as unexciting and bland. Do the stars foretell any change in my personality between now and, say, November? Please answer within ten days in triplicate on the enclosed form, #117-D-2302.

—M.D., Brookline, Massachusetts

Dear M.D.:

I'm afraid the stars offer little consolation. You were born under the sign of Humorlus (the Bore), with Earnest rising through the constellation of Monotone and Nerd in alignment with Uptight. There could be good news in your future, however. The stars indicate a giant forthcoming battle in which a boring nerd will enjoy a great triumph in early November. Unfortunately, the stars indicate that the loser will also be a boring nerd.

Dear Nancy:

My White House memoirs are going to be the last to come out, but I want them to be the best. Unfortunately, the others are getting harder and harder to

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WHAT'S BEHIND THE SONG & DANCE?

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CHRISTOPHER LASCH on Culture & Capitalism

That cultural conservatives should oppose capitalism almost goes without saying. The free market is the great destroyer of tradition. It fosters a rootless, restless mode of life. It promotes change for the sake of change. Its ideal embodiment and symbol is the bulldozer, by means of which the real estate interests plough under the past and put it up for sale.

The "traditional values" invoked by capitalistic conservatism are the values of the man on the make, land speculator, promoter, gambler, Indian fighter, and cultural outlaw — the rugged individualist, in short, who lets nothing stand in the way of a quick killing. The past it romanticizes is the age of the gold rush, the mining camp, and the six-shooter. How anyone can confuse this crude celebration of the predatory instinct with conservatism is a mystery that still awaits elucidation.

Another mystery is how socialism came to be identified with the cult of technology. Socialism ought to mean a respect for limits, a sense of place, a recognition of mutual dependence, a rejection of material abundance as the only requirement of a good life. But the socialist ideal as we know it today offers little in the way of an alternative to capitalism. It is the product of 19th-century optimism and an outdated Darwinian theory of social evolution. "Dialectical materialism" welcomes the giant corporation, the division of labor that reduces the worker to an automaton, the multiplication of needs and wants, and the insatiable appetite for change as the foundations of a new order. Actually, it conceives of socialism as capitalism without the capitalist. "Unparalleled nonsense," Gustave Landauer, himself a socialist, called it.

But if socialism means the common ownership of land, employee-controlled enterprises, a labor-intensive economy, the restoration of craftsmanship, the conservation of scarce resources, and a more modest standard of living, an alliance of cultural conservatism and socialism ought to be irresistible. But socialism seldom means those things today — which is probably why it elicits so little enthusiasm.

We face a doubly daunting task: to take cultural conservatism back from the capitalists and socialism from the socialists. Not work for the faint-hearted!

— adapted from the NEW OXFORD REVIEW

These comments from Christopher Lasch say much about the vision of the NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Edited by lay Catholics, the REVIEW is an ecumenical, ethically rooted, and politically progressive monthly exploring ever-fresh and animating ideas at a time when the Reagan Revolution has gone up in flames and a still-weary liberalism stumbles about in the smoky ruins. Looking beyond bromides, we take inspiration from such giants as Dorothy Day, R.H. Tawney, Archbishop Tutu, Simone Weil, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Emmanuel Mounier, and Archbishop Romero.

Those who write for us include pathfinders such as Lasch, Robert N. Bellah, Walker Percy, J.M. Cameron, John Lukacs, Robert Coles, Jean Bethke Elshtain, and John B. Judis. We kick around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. *Newsweek* pronounces us "cheeky" and the *Library Journal* predicts we'll "command increasing attention." If you relish being on the cutting edge of daring, yet humane, ideas, give us a try!

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BIG, BAD APPLE

To the editors:

One morning not long ago I needed an article from a ten-year-old issue of *Playboy*. The libraries couldn't help. But I made a quick call to Jay Bee Magazines, which stocks two million periodicals from 1888 in a huge 26th Street loft, and a messenger service brought me the magazine within an hour. In the afternoon I went looking for a European faucet to match one I bought in Sweden. At Simons, which stocks hardware from around the world, I found what I needed. At midnight I went to a club to gamble against the best backgammon players in the world. In no other city in any country could I have found any of these places, located not three miles from my apartment. On a day-to-day level New York is a joy to live in. My wife takes 12 minutes to get to work. When I was employed at the *New York Times* it took me 13 minutes to go 40 blocks. I run around the Central Park Reservoir several times a week (the park is 100 yards away), play tennis outdoors every other day (six minutes away). All this is accomplished on a moderate income—certainly less than the *Washington Post* pays.

Howard Kurtz ("Rotting Apple," April 11) complains that New York is an awful place to live. That depends. If you are searching for the smallest amenities—"light, air, closet space, parking space"—New York is stingy. But if you are looking for large amenities—opera, theater, bookstores, publishers, television networks, universities, financial institutions, markets galore, fashion, professional advancement, a great newspaper, airline connections—New York has the critical mass that continues to make it the world's pre-eminent city. Historically the Irish, Italians, Germans, Puerto Ricans, and Koreans have been more than willing to trade the small amenities for the dream of economic betterment.

Kurtz's main complaint seems to be that you can't get a cheap apartment. He's right, but think about why that is: everyone wants to be in Manhattan and nobody is moving out. A young woman who wants to be an actress, an editor, or an investment banker doesn't mind sharing a small studio with two roommates if she can be in Manhattan and pursue her dream. She wants to go out at night to be close to the "crowd on the boulevard that never grows old," as the old saying goes. For a certain class of ambitious, well-educated professionals, Manhattan has become the boulevard, and nowhere else will do.

BLAKE FLEETWOOD
New York, New York

To the editors:

I live in Brooklyn, which, as any Brooklynite will tell you, is not a "suburb." Howard Kurtz lived in Washington, D.C., so he knows that the "depth of racial polarization" he pins onto New York applies even better to that city. I have lived in Washington, as well as Philadelphia, Boston, and a few other major cities. They are dirty, crime-ridden, and corrupt, plus one more thing that New York is not. They're boring. I do not put up with the staggering problems of New York City for the "privilege of sitting behind a computer terminal in Manhattan." Anyone who would commute four hours a day to do that *should* move to Dallas. I do not live here for the $39 rack of lamb lunch at 21. I have never been there. Not all New Yorkers are stockbrokers and lawyers and advertising executives, as the cultural life of this city can attest to.

LAURA KAMINKER
Brooklyn, New York

To the editors:

If Howard Kurtz found a modest three-bedroom house in Northwest Washington for about $150,000 even a few years ago, could he send me the name of his realtor? And if he was able to buy a home for $150,000, he need not be so deprecating about a journalist's salary.

BRUCE DONAHUE
Burke, Virginia

JACKSON'S WORLD

To the editors:

Through misrepresentation, factual sleight of hand, and (I'll give him the benefit of the doubt) a basic misunderstanding of Jesse Jackson's proposals, Fred Barnes opened up the latest round of attack on the leading Democratic presidential candidate ("Jesse's Words," April 4). Sure, there's been an increase in funding for Head Start. But there's been a much bigger increase in child poverty, so that only one out of every six kids who are eligible gets into a program that for every one dollar spent now saves seven dollars in social costs later in life. Similarly, college costs are up by two-thirds, yet grants have declined from 40 percent of a college education in 1980 to 29 percent today. And aside from tax credits (which mostly benefit middle- and upper-income people) the only federal program that assists families with child care—the Social Services Block Grant—has been cut by 29 percent since Reagan came into office. I could go on. Point by point. Issue by issue.

But the real issue is economic violence, which Jackson is demanding be stopped. He argues that the way our economy functions is detrimental—even life-threatening—to workers and farmers, to young and old, to black and white, and to the poor and middle classes. Unlike the other candidates, he's analyzing these conditions, he's galvanizing voters to demand a change, and he's providing the bold leadership and new direction to make it happen. Jesse's words are correct—and so is his understanding of the economy.

FRANK CLEMENTE
Issues Coordinator, Jesse Jackson '88
Chicago, Illinois

Fred Barnes replies:

The text I used was Jackson's stump speech, the candidate's own words. Upon examination the speech is full of hyperbole, untruths, and zaniness. There has been an increase in child poverty, as Clemente says. But that wasn't the point Jackson made in his speech. He said Head Start has "crashed" in the Reagan era. Even Clemente admits this is wrong. And talk about sleight of hand. Clemente picks out a narrow measure of college grants—the maximum federal grant to a student was 40 percent of an average college education in 1980 and now is 29 percent—to buttress Jackson's point that "scholarships for our youth have crashed." Actually total federal scholarship grants are up 58 percent in the 1980s, and the average grant has risen 54 percent, faster than the rate of inflation. Clemente doesn't dispute this. Then, like Jackson, he goes into the business about "economic violence." I've heard many a Jackson speech, and I've yet to figure out what violence he's talking about.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MAY 23, 1988

WHAT PRICE MIGHTY MOUSE?

Donald Quigg, head of the U.S. Patent Office, has some reassuring words for the American people. As the *Wall Street Journal* put it, "Mr. Quigg reiterated . . . that the agency will not patent human beings." He has no such promises for other organisms. In fact, the occasion for his remark was the patenting of a mouse that's genetically predisposed to cancer, developed—or, rather, invented—at Harvard University for laboratory use.

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This mouse was not the first patented organism. In 1980 the Supreme Court ruled that an oil-eating bacterium designed by a General Electric researcher was "not nature's handiwork, but his own," and ever since then microorganisms have been a commodity of intense commercial interest. But there had been doubt as to whether the Court's decision could be extended to multicellular organisms. The Patent Office has now expressed its view; for the first time, someone has patented something that can look you in the eye.

This milestone, in addition to elevating the moods of venture capitalists and molecular biologists, has breathed some life into their opposition, a coalition of farmers, environmentalists, animal rights activists, and assorted clergy. Letters of protest are being written, and there is fresh momentum behind anti-biotechnology legislation. A House bill would place a two-year moratorium on animal patenting and a Senate bill would ban it.

Proponents of the legislation have a truckload of grievances. They worry about the morality of such Promethean intervention in nature; about the environmental impact of new species; about a pernicious concentration of power in the pharmaceutical and agricultural industries; about higher prices for consumers; about the demise of the small, low-tech farmer. Many of these concerns are unfounded, and the rest are misdirected.

Genetically engineered organisms come in two varieties. They can serve as manufacturers (bacteria that make insulin or human growth hormone), or as products (bacteria that protect crops from caterpillars or frost). To put it in patenting lingo, they can be the subject of process patents or of product patents. So far, higher forms of life have been seen less as products than as manufacturers. Though there is much talk of low-fat pigs and preternaturally productive dairy cows, usually it is not the animals themselves that result from gene splicing. Rather, gene splicing produces a hormone (such as bovine somatropin) that, when administered, makes the animal lean or profuse. For now, at least, genetically engineered multicellular organisms

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will serve mainly as factories: Japanese silkworms that make hepatitis vaccine, for example, and mice whose milk contains tissue plasminogen activator (TPA), a kind of organic Drano that dissolves blood clots during a heart attack.

The bigger and smarter the animals, and the bigger and deeper their eyes, the queasier people get about all this. A reference to patenting a mammal is usually enough to lead a conversation to the phrase "moral implications" within seconds. But although the word "patent" is what so reliably unsettles people, it isn't really the patenting that worries them. Invariably, the moral objections to patenting animals are the moral objections to genetic engineering itself. Most of the people who have used the patented mouse as a vehicle to stir up debate on the subject aren't really anti-patenting; they're anti-gene-splicing. This is especially true of the prime mover of anti-patenting legislation: Jeremy Rifkin, political activist and tireless champion of technological stagnation.

The silliest of the moral concerns over gene splicing is about inserting human genes in non-human organisms. To hear some people talk, you'd think scientists all over America are designing chimpanzees that do windows. What scientists are actually doing is taking a very mundane, single human gene and inserting it in a very mundane organism. Thus, insulin-manufacturing bacteria contain a human gene for making insulin. So far, none of the bacteria have sprouted ears or started carrying briefcases, and we don't expect them to anytime soon.

Most of the moral objections to genetic engineering are less susceptible to rebuttal. For example: "The gift of life from God, in all its forms and species, should not be regarded solely as if it were a chemical product subject to alteration and patentable for economic benefit." Can't argue with that. Because it's not an argument—it's an assertion. It assumes the acceptance of a particular religious

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

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10.	CAVALCADE OF STARS	*	3

1. LORD OF THE FLIERS

Air travel. Miraculous landings highlighted last week's adventure in U.S. commercial flight, but the real story is a whole new flying horror: planes in service so long they may disintegrate in midair. There's an apparent pattern to travel and service horror stories in this industry: the incentive, based on deregulation, for dangerous conditions to proliferate.

2. CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOC

Communist unrest. Poland is now the odds-on favorite as the satellite most likely to blow up in Russia's face. The circumstances are ironic: disorder has arisen from efforts to loosen the economy. In any event, the Soviets have painted themselves into an authoritarian corner. The Gorbo-watch is getting intense.

3. SCHMOKE SIGNALS

Drug legalization. Baltimore mayor Kurt Schmoke's call for a decriminalization debate was seconded by the mayor of Charleston, West Virginia, inspired friendly network coverage, and got 58 percent (!) support in a TV call-in poll. Legalization has gone mainstream fast. If you think the unimaginable can't soon become commercial, check out Rubber Ducky condoms for teens, "the after-party animal."

4. PANAMA HAT TRICK

Panamok. So what astrologer came up with this policy? Now that we've been made to look ineffectual by Noriega, with whom we are reportedly compromising, what are the consequences of this debacle? There are hints of trouble in Ecuador, but the greater headache is that the White House may embark on an ill-thought-out, compensatory action in the hemisphere, as it did in the post-Iranamok Gulf.

5. BORDERLINE CASE

Amnesty. You'd think, from the presentation of the amnesty deadline, that there had been a debate over its possible extension. Baloney. Few citizens—including legal immigrants—seemed to have much sympathy for the illegals. Or did you hear something from the liberal presidential candidates about this?

6. BUSH COMES TO SHOVE

Bush. The campaign paradigm is shifting, and it's costing Bush. Dukakis is no longer set against an Ideal; he's emerging as the available Mr. Competent. By contrast, Bush's media image increasingly lacks dignity. Coverage of his nyah-nyah anti-malaise rhetoric, his Meese non-statements, his "defense" of Iranamok, even his syntax, now reflects irony. Very dangerous.

7. BEING THERE

Israel. Critical reaction to "Nightline" 's week in Israel is revealing. Koppel's high marks for diplomacy are deserved, but the idea that Talking Is Good is a Western conceit. Charming the "Nightline" audience is a strategy that many global bogeymen have used to advantage. Doves of both sides seeking to use the show as a dialogue seemed lost.

8. LITTLE SEIZERS

Organized crime. The "new face" of organized crime is drawing a lot of attention, whether that face belongs to the MBA-holding "yupster" or to the rising Oriental crime lord. Almost every culture embraces outlaws of some sort. But while others admire brigands and bandits, our fascination for decades has been outlaw Organization Men.

9. KNOCK AROUND THE ROCK

CBS. There are—what?—seven books about the decline of CBS. Its "Evening News" is running last, its stock is troubled, Cronkite may go to ABC, and *Broadcast News* is now seen as CBS's *film à clef*. CBS has made mistakes, but suppose "CBS Reports" was on weekly and Murrow every night. Who'd watch? Comparing today's CBS with the past isn't altogether fair. It hasn't declined alone.

10. CAVALCADE OF STARS

Reagan memoirs. So now we know why Reagan turns first to the comic pages: that's where the horoscopes run. Actually, this series of ludicrous disclosures about Reagan is a case study in persona destruction. Reagan's still around to offset the effect somewhat, but once he's gone the sense of presidential absurdity will become irresistible.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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philosophy, from which it supposedly follows. Leaving aside the question of whether it really *does* follow—whether the Bible actually frowns on making frost-free bacteria—the fact is that Judeo-Christian doctrine is not a reliable guideline anyway. This nation no longer possesses a consensual religious basis—least of all in the high-brow circles where these issues get hashed out. We are left instead with a set of values that is Judeo-Christian in ancestry but is now best described as vaguely utilitarian: pretty much everyone agrees that something is bad if it brings unjustified pain and suffering.

Hence the more formidable moral critique of gene-splicing: questions about the welfare of the animals engineered. That mouse with the cancer gene, after all, doesn't have a very pleasant life ahead. True enough. But on the other hand, being a laboratory mouse has never been an especially alluring calling. We long ago decided that sacrificing animals to science, and to our appetites, is justified. In fact, we long ago decided that *creating* animals expressly for our use, and without much regard for their welfare, is OK. Consider the Chihuahua, a dinky caldron of seething neuroses. Like all dogs (and cows, pigs, and thoroughbred horses) it is a product of human design, of conscious intervention in evolution. Harvard's mouse, the result of a more sophisticated intervention, doesn't carry us into a new moral realm.

This is not to deny that it brings us into a new corner of the old realm. Gene-splicing may well yield animals more grotesque and miserable than the products of slow, steady breeding. There are already stories of cross-eyed, arthritic pigs in a Department of Agriculture laboratory, and more such stories can be expected when the single-gene manipulations of the present are passé, and scientists are inserting hundreds of genes to orchestrate complex behavioral changes. How *would* we begin to think—four or five decades down the road—about the morality of building a chimpanzee that did windows?

This leads to something everyone already knows: biotechnology shouldn't be (and isn't) an industry free of regulation. Congress's power over interstate commerce gives it all the leverage it will need to keep things on the up and up. One can envision an agency that evaluates each patented organism with an eye to the welfare not only of the environment and the public, but of the organism. If in five years there is evidence of great biotechnological cruelty to animals, some such restraint will be in order.

THE ECONOMIC objections to patenting animals, unlike the moral ones, really are about patenting. They presuppose genetic engineering and focus on whether the enterprise is best governed by patent law. In particular, concern centers on the 17-year monopoly granted by a patent. Farmers fear they'll be left at the mercy of a few large, predatory corporations that will control vital raw materials.

Some farmers *do* have something to fear from biotechnology. Things that make farms more productive have a way of lessening the demand for farmers. But that's true whether the technologies are patented or not. And it's true whether the technologies are agricultural or not. Workers in any industry can be displaced by the gains in productivity that society values so highly. It's a sacrifice for the greater good: the workers have to figure out another way to make ends meet, but society as a whole benefits. Like everyone else, we mourn the passing of the small, self-sufficient farm—because of both the human toll and the loss to the nation's cultural landscape. But forced to choose between feeding more people more cheaply and propping up lots of Midwestern Museums of Americana, we'll take the food.

Obviously, if market concentration in agricultural industries approaches unhealthy proportions—with or without the aid of patenting—anti-trust law should be vigorously applied. But meanwhile we shouldn't stifle biotechnology—a young, robust industry in which the United States has a strong foothold—out of vague fears about big business.

WHEN PLAYING to a crowd of consumers, opponents of gene splicing often claim that patenting will raise the price of meat. Jeremy Rifkin says that a company with a patent on, say, a very valuable cow "is going to charge the farmer more and the farmer's going to charge the consumer more." Is his opinion of the average farmer's intelligence really this low? Sure, if Embryogen patents cows that yield 30 percent more milk, or require 20 percent less grain, then it will have the market on those cows cornered and probably will charge more for them than for garden variety cows. But if the price demanded wipes out the gains in productivity, no farmer in his right mind will pay it. Unless the upshot of a biological innovation is to lower the cost of production (or improve the quality of the product), it will never get off the ground.

The economic debate over patenting life forms is really the same debate the institution of patenting has always engendered: Is it better to facilitate innovation by granting a monopoly on the exploitation of new ideas, or to facilitate the *proliferation* of innovations by denying such monopolies? In settling on our patent system, the Founding Fathers, notably Thomas Jefferson, favored the first priority, with some deference to the second. They granted inventors temporary monopolies, and said that in exchange the inventors would have to put all relevant information on the record, thus facilitating further innovation. The hope was that an inventor would seldom make it to the 17th year of his monopoly before being left in the dust by an idea that surpassed, and built on, his own. So far there's no cause to doubt this approach. Indeed, one common complaint of the Rifkinites is that technological innovation is moving too fast. What more powerful testament to Jefferson's wisdom?

There's no reason to expect the patenting system to work any less effectively with organic than with inorganic inventions. True, you do hear complaints about biotechnology monopolies—about, for example, the fact

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that tissue plasminogen activator costs around $2,200 a pop. But several companies are already pursuing second-generation TPA, which they hope will be superior to, and patentably distinct from, the original. In the meantime, you're not hearing any complaints from the heart attack victims whose lives have been saved by TPA. If the anti-patenting forces had had their way, and there hadn't been a small fortune in inventing a means of synthesizing TPA, the stuff probably wouldn't be available at any price.

One of the more intriguing issues in biotechnology is how you adapt patent law to machines that automatically make copies of themselves—i.e., animals. Will buying a patented cow entail royalty payments for every calf and grandcalf, ad infinitum? Farmers fear burdensome paperwork. On the other hand, biotechnology companies understandably worry that without royalties, selling two high-tech cows will amount to handing over the keys to the factory.

The farmers' best weapon as they fight bothersome royalty schemes is their purchasing power. If they don't want to buy an animal that comes with a lifetime of paperwork, they don't have to. And if Congress wants to blunt farmers' opposition to animal patenting, it can subtly but significantly alter patent-office policy in this nebulous area. Instead of today's automatic presumption of royalty obligations, the presumption can be that no royalties are due in the absence of an explicit contractual provision.

There has always been something odd about the opposition to animal patenting. Some of the opponents worry that technological change will come at breakneck speed, outstripping our ability to grapple with the attendant moral questions. Others worry that patents will permit big, evil corporations to monopolize the profits from innovation and suppress technological progress. One group or the other must be wrong.

Actually, both are half-wrong. Yes, the technology will move briskly, but for the foreseeable future the moral lesson will be a very old one: we shouldn't be needlessly cruel to animals, especially animals with big, deep eyes. And yes, because of patents, fortunes will be made from biotechnology, some of them by large corporations. But that won't stifle progress or subvert American economic values, as Thomas Jefferson understood.

NOTEBOOK

□ TRUTH IN PUFFERY: "If Tyson-Bernstein's book is anywhere near as good as the executive summary, it's well worth the while of anyone concerned about the state of American education." —columnist William Raspberry, *Washington Post*, May 2

□ TERMS OF TRADE: President Reagan's veto of the trade bill reminds us of a famous crack by Evelyn Waugh. Informed that his friend Randolph Churchill had undergone surgery for removal of a lung, which turned out not to be malignant, Waugh wrote in his diary: "It was a typical triumph of science to find the only part of Randolph that was not malignant, and remove it." Reagan vetoed the trade bill because he objected to an extremely weak and loophole-ridden provision requiring employers to give workers advance notice of plant closings. The most likely prospect now is that Congress will repass the bill, with all its protectionist measures but without the plant closing provision, and that President Reagan will sign it. He thus will have succeeded in removing the one sensible part of a generally dismal piece of legislation.

□ GOOD NEWS, BAD NEWS:

Machine-Tool Orders
Down 14.6% in March

—*New York Times*, April 25

March Surge in Machine-Tool Orders

—*Wall Street Journal*, same day

(thanks to Richard Kristobek, Kensington, Maryland)

Southland posts strong results for 1987

—*Dallas Morning News*, March 31

Southland reports loss

—*Dallas Times-Herald*, same day

(thanks to Alysha Webb, Dallas, Texas)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

DOPEY

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S line on the war against drugs is loud and clear: we're winning. In his State of the Union address on January 25, he heralded "an untold American success story," the decline of cocaine and marijuana use by teenagers. At the White House Conference for a Drug Free America on February 29, the president said, "I believe the tide of battle has turned, and we're beginning to win the crusade for a drug-free America." And when Reagan spoke to the American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 13, he tacked on a paragraph about "signs of progress" in the drug war. "We've stopped America's free-fall into the drug pit," he said. "We're getting our footing to climb out."

Not quite. Reagan may believe his own cheerleading, but practically nobody in his administration does. This was painfully evident on April 22 at the White House meeting of the National Drug Policy Board. Reagan sat through presentation after presentation that stressed the shortcomings in the administration's effort. Otis Bowen,

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the secretary of health and human services, read from a prepared text. "I don't know how I can honestly be very optimistic about the war on drugs," he said. Education Secretary William Bennett said the administration isn't "doing enough against the drug traffickers" to satisfy the public. "We're not perceived as winning this war." Francis Keating, an assistant treasury secretary, likened the drive to interdict drugs at the border to "building a 25-foot wall and facing 30-foot tides."

Reagan took all this serenely. His underlings were careful to cushion the blow. "With your leadership, we've made major gains," Bowen said. "Under your leadership, Mr. President, and Mrs. Reagan's . . . we have mobilized the nation against drugs," added Bennett. But though Reagan takes in stride dire talk about the drug crisis, he gets furious over Democratic charges he hasn't done all he could against drugs. "His assumption is that since we've been here seven years, we must have done all we could," says an aide. When the presentations stopped, Reagan ordered a 30-day review by the drug policy board of the administration's drug-fighting capability. Marlin Fitzwater, the White House spokesman, announced the board will recommend ways "for increasing the federal effort against drug suppliers and users."

Don't get your hopes up. The review is likely to come to nothing, or at least to very little. The emphasis, White House aides said, will be on more of the same—more insistence on massive drug testing, more stress on drug treatment centers, more talk about "zero tolerance" of illegal drugs. What won't happen is an invigorated attack on drugs. The administration is too divided on how to fight the drug war. What also won't happen is a fresh effort to combat foreigners who export drugs to this country. Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, in testimony to the House Appropriations Committee on April 22, said the "narco-traffickers" have become "an immediate threat to U.S. national security." The situation, he said, is "already grave and worsening."

THE DRUG DEBATE inside the administration is three-sided. The dominant faction, led by Attorney General Edwin Meese, wants to work on the demand side: get tough with drug users. Two days before the meeting at the White House, he told a gathering of mayors that drug testing should be required of all American workers, not just federal employees. The goal, he said, is "zero tolerance of drugs in any place, any time." Drug testing, he claimed, "cuts down on accidents and increases productivity as well as prevents people from disobeying the law." Allied with Meese is Ian McDonald, the director of the Drug Abuse Policy Office at the White House. McDonald followed Bowen at the meeting with Reagan and praised a state program of suspending the driver's licence of anyone caught with drugs and another requiring mandatory jail sentences for users.

The leftist faction, led by Bowen, stresses education and rehabilitation. A White House critic of Bowen refers to this as "the Democratic agenda." Bowen surprised presidential aides by releasing the text of his remarks at the drug policy board. (He always reads from a text at such meetings.) "Consistent non-use messages must be driven home by the family, the church, the workplace, schools, governors, local officials . . ." he said, or read. "As for treatment, we need more research to improve the efficacy and efficiency of treatment strategies. . . . And we need to get both the public and private sectors involved in identifying those in need of treatment, expanding treatment capacity, providing good treatment . . ." And so on. The explanation at HHS for releasing the text was that a staffer for the drug policy board told an HHS flack to do so. White House aides were skeptical, especially since press coverage of the Bowen statement treated him kindly and Reagan harshly. But the White House let the matter pass.

The rightist faction, led by Bennett, is wary of more treatment centers. As usual, Bennett is allied with Gary Bauer, the White House domestic adviser, and William von Rabb, the commissioner of customs. They point to a recent analysis of treatment programs in Washington. It found that a third or less of heroin, PCP, and cocaine users completed treatment, and of those who did a majority were back on drugs within a year. Bennett's chief aim is to get the military more involved. He's sent memos to Meese on this subject ("The military should do to the drug barons what our forces in the Persian Gulf did to Iran's navy"), dispatched aides to the Pentagon, and lobbied Pentagon officials. He's gotten nowhere. Daniel Howard, the Pentagon spokesman, says the military is doing plenty ("hundreds of thousands of steaming hours and flying hours") and is restricted by law from doing much more. Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci says he's "against giving the military arrest authority or getting them into law enforcement."

Bennett reacted angrily at the White House meeting when Gen. Stephen Olmstead listed how much equipment the Pentagon has ponied up, including binoculars and balloons. At a March session of the drug policy board, he clashed with William Taft IV, the deputy defense secretary. Bennett said the Pentagon should deploy 15 to 20 more helicopters to attack drug factories outside the United States, as was done in Bolivia in 1986. Taft said that would be too costly, and he refused to say how many helicopters the Pentagon has. "That's classified," he said. Taft also said the use of American helicopters would only stir anti-Americanism. "Then put Daniel Ortega's picture on the side of them," Bennett shot back.

VICE PRESIDENT George Bush joined Reagan at the drug meeting in April, and Bennett looked at him as he wound up his presentation. "We're going to get killed on this issue in the campaign," he said. An awkward silence followed. Finally Meese, who heads the drug policy board, said, "Let's go on to the next presentation." The meeting never got back to politics. Still, White House aides concede the administration may be in for a hard time this fall. Democrats, especially Jesse Jackson, are trying to make

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"the drug issue the foreign policy issue of 1988," as one aide put it. Jackson calls for a drug czar to coordinate all the agencies in the drug war, more money for the Coast Guard, possible use of the military. Michael Dukakis says roughly the same, and he sounds both nationalistic and assertive.

The White House doesn't. Reagan opposes a drug czar on the ground that it would only necessitate more "big government." (The Bennett faction wants one.) But even surveys conducted for the White House by pollster Richard Wirthlin in February found the public wants a large federal role in fighting drugs. Asked who should do the most to fight drug use, 55 percent said the federal government. "People want the federal government out of their hair on a lot of things," concluded a senior White House official. "Drugs isn't one of them." The poll also found that while Reagan's standing in the drug fight remains high—nearly two-thirds favorable—about the same percentage think the drug problem is getting worse.

That means the topic of drugs is bound to be a political problem for Bush. He didn't speak at the drug meeting, and his tendency in speeches is to recount in boring detail everything the administration has done so far. This obviously is not the answer, since the public has concluded that what's been done is insufficient. In April Bush began to call for the death penalty for drug "kingpins," knowing that Dukakis doesn't support capital punishment. This isn't sufficient either. Bush needs a program. And as luck would have it, his aides are considering one to restructure the administration's entire anti-drug effort. In addition, Bush likes the idea of an international military force, including U.S. forces, to interdict drugs. A drug czar? "We may be for it," a Bush adviser says. "It can't hurt." It can't hurt Bush in the campaign at any rate.

FRED BARNES

POSTCARD HONG KONG

EXODUS

Hong Kong

A drab, street-level office in Causeway Bay is where Hong Kong locals apply for their Certificates of No Criminal Conviction. These little slips of paper are required by some 45 countries if you want to immigrate to their shores. They serve no other purpose. As the 1997 transfer of power from Great Britain to Beijing approaches, they're hot property.

Since the government here keeps no record of those trying to get out, these certificates are the only barometer of public confidence in British and Chinese intentions for the territory's future. Until the last few years the number of applicants was a steady 20,000 or so. But doubts over the implementation of the guarantees of the 1984 Sino-British accord have led that number to jump to 35,605 in 1986 and to 51,988 last year. A guard at the office on 6 Shelter Street says they had to move to the larger space some months ago to keep up with the demand. He's then cut off by an official who tells him not to say anything more.

The applicants are a mixed lot, youngish but with gray hairs evident as well. Some, like Mr. and Mrs. Tsang, arrive with their young children in tow. An officious-looking supervisor in spectacles and a trim dark suit peers out from his office. Most applicants are uncomfortable discussing why they want to leave. But the Tsangs say that uncertainty about 1997 was a major factor, and Benny Yau, a farmer who says he wants to go to Toronto, agrees. He says that all of his friends are leaving Hong Kong.

Canada and Australia are the most popular destinations, because they are the easiest, but most dream of going to America. The number of single Chinese women is surprising, considering that it's almost unthinkable for an unmarried Chinese girl to move out of her parents' flat, much less pick up and go to a strange land. Grace, an office manager in her 20s wearing a green sweatshirt, admits she's "a little bit nervous" about 1997 and wants to go to Sydney. She smiles and says: "Very nervous." The supervisor stares out disapprovingly from behind the glass.

LAST YEAR'S applicants alone may represent as much as three percent to five percent of Hong Kong's population of 5.6 million (certificates are not required of minors). That's a pretty fair sign of the panic below the surface just four years after London and Beijing presented locals here with a diplomatic fait accompli. At the time there was some enthusiasm. After all, the 1984 Joint Declaration promised that the "social and economic system in Hong Kong will remain unchanged" and hinted at a representative government people here have never enjoyed. Even Deng Xiaoping sounded Jeffersonian in his repeated calls for "Hong Kong people governing Hong Kong" and the "one-country, two-systems" formula that would reconcile the capitalist colony with the Communist mainland.

After the sale the focus suddenly shifted. Beijing's unofficial local spokesman here, the head of the New China News Agency, publicly said that for Britain to introduce direct elections would be contrary to the 1984 accord. Deng himself began referring to democracy as "all that Western stuff," not suited to Chinese people. Today at every opportunity Governor David Wilson harps on the need for "stability." Democrats are urged not to rock the boat, and those who dare point out the growing discrepancy between the Hong Kong that is now taking shape and the Hong Kong outlined in the Joint Declaration are branded as "troublemakers" with "an interest in spreading unease," as Tory members thundered during January's debate in the British Parliament on the future of the ex-empire's prize possession. China's late April release of the first draft of the basic law, the mini-constitution to run post-1997 China, is also spreading anxiety. It enumerates in great detail endless fundamental rights. Their interpretation, however, is vested in the National People's Congress.

China's human rights track record was always the biggest

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question mark here, but even the most resolute cynics never expected Whitehall's complete loss of nerve toward Beijing. This was manifest most recently in the decision to postpone elections to the legislature from 1988 to 1991. Apart from the importance of 1988 elections as a means to influence future decisions in a more democratic direction, it was seen in Hong Kong as a symbol of Margaret Thatcher's resolve to "honor our obligations to the full." In the parliamentary debate that was broadcast here live in the wee hours of the morning, the Iron Lady's foreign minister, Sir Geoffrey Howe, defended the government by saying that the Tories had never specifically *promised* elections this year.

In good Hong Kong fashion, of course, none of this applies to the rich or well connected. The British can always go home if things get nasty, and the wealthy Chinese (who have backed Beijing to the hilt) can always get themselves a second or third passport with relative ease. Countries such as Australia essentially offer them for sale. Doubtless this helps explain the prevalence of old blue jeans and ungainly polyester pantsuits on the folks putting in their applications at the Causeway Bay office. The rich have long ago taken care of themselves. Even Jardine's, the real-life counterpart of the fictional Noble House in James Clavell's recently televised novel, has moved its corporate headquarters to Bermuda—just in case, mind you. The rest are stuck, the British Nationality Act passed right before the 1984 Joint Declaration having made it perfectly clear that Britain's door was closed to its non-white nationals.

SO HONG KONG LURCHES toward 1997, when the Union Jack will be lowered for the last time. Her Majesty's Parliament, the world's most hallowed legislative chamber, is the incongruous setting for earnest speeches by elected members on the dangers of democracy. The foreign secretary for one of the most anti-communist prime ministers Britain has had argues that "Hong Kong prospers when London and Peking are in harmony." And the world's most populous Marxist state says it will maintain freedoms in an acquired possession that it has ruthlessly extinguished at home. All to the cheers here of big business, unelected local legislators, foreign rulers, and others busy angling for future favor.

The numbers coming to 6 Shelter Street quietly increase, so much so that plans are afoot to open a second branch across the harbor, and a local cartoon in the *South China Morning Post* depicts Hong Kong's theme song as "Leaving on a Jet Plane." Throughout it all Governor Wilson keeps the stiff upper lip, arguing that the exodus of money and people from his territory is only a "normal" outflow.

"It depends on what you consider it normal for," says one expatriate businessman here. "Normal for everyday, or normal for a burning building?"

WILLIAM MCGURN

William McGurn is an editor of the Asian Wall Street Journal and of a forthcoming book about the 1984 Sino-British Joint Declaration.

Dukakis's foreign policy.

CARTER REDUX?

APOLOGIES TO Mike and all the Dukakasites. Last July, after a weekend in Iowa hearing him promise to forgo nearly every weapons system on the drawing boards, condemn Reagan's *contra* policy as "illegal and immoral," and display total ignorance of the democratization process under way in South Korea, I wrote that Dukakis's foreign policy was "pure McGovern." Careful reading of Dukakis speeches and position papers since then shows that this was clearly wrong.

Unlike McGovern, Dukakis does not favor deep defense cuts, but "stable spending" and a shift in emphasis from nuclear to conventional programs. He does not think that the U.S.-Soviet conflict is America's fault or a "misunderstanding." "It wasn't a misunderstanding that built the Berlin Wall," he said in December. Unlike McGovern, Dukakis would not rule out first use of nuclear weapons if the Soviets invaded Western Europe.

Dukakis is not an isolationist who wants to "come home" from the world, but a self-declared "internationalist" and "activist" who wants to "promote democracy and human rights around the globe." He wants to keep U.S. troops in Europe. He says he would use force if necessary to protect American lives and interests, and with respect to terrorists, at least, he seems to mean it.

Dukakis also is not surrounded with left-wing or even limpy-liberal advisers. His chief foreign policy coordinator, Madeleine Albright, a Georgetown University expert on Eastern Europe, worked under hawkish Zbigniew Brzezinski on Jimmy Carter's National Security Council staff. The members of his Cambridge brain trust—Joseph Nye, Graham Allison, Robert Murray, and Albert Carnasale of Harvard's Kennedy School of Government and William Kaufman of MIT—are all highly esteemed among defense-minded Democrats of the type who worked at the Pentagon under Carter's cerebral defense secretary, Harold Brown.

Dukakis himself doesn't score so well among the defense Democrats. Last October he held what's been described as a "disastrous" two-hour meeting with several former top aides to Brown, including James Woolsey, John Kester, Robert Komer, Walter Slocombe, Russell Murray, and Graham Claytor. One participant described Dukakis as "bloody-minded" and "dismissive" of arguments that American land-based missiles need to be made less vulnerable to Soviet attack. "He just kept saying, 'We have enough nuclear weapons.' " Dukakis opposes the Midgetman mobile missile as too expensive and rail mobility for the MX as ineffective. He is against deploying more than 50 MXs and favors slashing the Star Wars program from its current $3.6 billion back to $1 billion, opposing even anti-missile defenses for land-based missiles.

Campaigning in Iowa, Dukakis yielded to demands of

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the disarmament group STARPAC and came out for a ban on flight-testing of nuclear missiles, the equivalent of a nuclear freeze. Lately, though, he has backed away from that position, which encourages defense experts such as Slocombe. "He's for the D-5 [Trident 2 submarine missile], cruise missiles, and he'll have the B-1 bomber and eventually Stealth," Slocombe said. "So it's a caricature to say this isn't a robust strategic program. And he wants to expand conventional defenses, and that's the right thing to do."

Among members of Congress, Dukakis is close to Senator Paul Sarbanes, one of the most force-averse members of the Foreign Relations Committee. Lately, though, he has met with Senator Bill Bradley on debt and trade issues ("systematic, thorough, analytical," Bradley says, "a solid character") and with Representatives Lee Hamilton and Dante Fascell. Outsiders speculate that Dukakis might make Sarbanes or Hamilton, or Walter Mondale or Cyrus Vance's former deputy, Warren Christopher, his secretary of state. They expect the Cambridge crowd to have top jobs at the NSC and Pentagon.

GEORGE BUSH IS trying to paint Dukakis as another Jimmy Carter, and in certain respects the shoe fits. He has the same moralistic strain, especially when talking about Central America, and the same tendency to draw large conclusions from small experience. His searing formative experience with Latin America seems to have occurred as a student in Peru during the summer of 1954. "Everyone in Latin America knew," he often says in speeches, "that the United States was in the process of overthrowing the democratically elected government of Guatemala." He says that the United States "consigned that country to three decades of as brutal and as repressive a government as the Americas have ever known." In Dukakis's mind, absent that American action, Guatemalans would have lived peaceably with each other.

Like Carter, Dukakis seems to believe that the United States has been on the wrong side of history in Latin America. He gives no credit to the Reagan administration for encouraging El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, and other Latin countries (also the Philippines and Korea) toward civilian rule. And rarely does Dukakis lay blame on Marxist guerrilla groups for the troubles of such countries. He never specifically lists Colombia's M-19 movement or El Salvador's FMLN as among the "terrorist" groups he would fight.

Discussing Nicaragua, Dukakis seldom has anything negative to say about Sandinista failure to live up to its democratic promises or its brutalities against Miskito Indians and recalcitrant peasants. The brutalities are all on our side. "Our tax dollars were used to blow up health clinics and farm cooperatives," he said in Wisconsin on March 30, and U.S. policy was "turned over to thugs and mercenaries." Dukakis relies solely on the Arias plan to bring about peace in Central America, but he soft-pedals Costa Rican president Oscar Arias's own insistence that peace can only come if Nicaragua democratizes. Dukakis favors economic incentives to lure the Sandinistas toward democracy, but his plan is devoid of any sanctions if they prefer dictatorship.

Dukakis's overall vision for Latin America exudes Carterite romanticism. He wants to proceed, "not by overthrowing governments we don't happen to agree with, not by cozying up to Latin American dictators as we have so often over the past century, but by demonstrating every day . . . the powerful force of our ideals . . . ," and by supplying economic aid.

All this constitutes one-half of what could be a new Good Neighbor Policy or Alliance for Progress—a new, cooperative, and adult relationship between the United States and Latin America. But for the other half—the resistance to Communist subversion—Dukakis would rely on the Organization of American States and the Rio Treaty, which require a two-thirds vote for multilateral military action and specifically forbid economic or political pressure against member countries to affect their internal policies. One good sign is that he would maintain military aid to El Salvador, conditioned on human rights progress.

All around the world, Dukakis wants to avoid American unilateralism and to rely instead on the United Nations and international law to keep order—in the Persian Gulf, for example, and even in Afghanistan. His aides deny that his multilateralism is a cover for isolationism or surrender to the will of anti-Western majorities. He means to lead, they say. It's a noble vision, but one suspects that American interests would deteriorate while Dukakis forswore the use of American power and tried to persuade world bodies to act.

Dukakis aides say that their man is "realistic" in his appreciation of the limits of American military and economic power. But he also seems to lack a realistic appraisal of the continuing need to use and threaten force in the modern world. Dukakis initially opposed the Persian Gulf escort operation, though he supports it now that others have joined. He opposed the invasion of Grenada, and still says he doubts that troops were necessary to save American lives. He says he would have bombed Libyan terrorist bases, but not Muammar Qaddafi's residence. He supported U.S. aid to Afghan rebels, but would have risked that operation, if necessary, to force a halt to Pakistan's nuclear program. These are defensible positions, but if he is elected, America's adversaries surely will think they have more room for maneuver than they have under Ronald Reagan.

DUKAKIS COULD LEARN from Jimmy Carter's mistakes and Reagan's successes. He is an intelligent man and a vigorous questioner of advisers. But there is no evidence that he has ever asked where Carter—who also wanted to put America on the better side of history—went wrong, or where Reagan did right. Carter and Reagan, though, aren't running. Dukakis and George Bush are, and in one respect, at least, Dukakis appears the stronger candidate: he has a program for dealing with the Soviet Union. He wants to "challenge" Mikhail Gorbachev to cut military aid

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to Nicaragua, get Syria and the PLO to recognize Israel, join an arms embargo against Iran and Iraq, and reduce both conventional and nuclear weaponry. Dukakis shows a self-certainty and independence that Bush often doesn't. Bush has consistently yielded to Republican pressure groups—on taxes and abortion, for example—while Dukakis refused to abandon the D-5 missile or advocate farm production controls or to rule out the creation of a Palestinian state.

But by every orthodox reckoning of what moves the Soviets, Dukakis seems doomed to fail. Before negotiations begin, he announces that he wants to give up almost every nuclear bargaining chip, retaining only what one aide calls "the potential of U.S. technology" as an inducement for the Soviets to deal. He insists that the Soviets will yield and will behave themselves in the Third World because they are in dire economic straits, not because the United States has pressured them into it. Maybe he's right, and maybe he can also safely move the United States to another side of history. It's a risky passage, though, and as governor of Massachusetts he hasn't earned an international pilot's license.

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

CAMPAIGN '88

BAR NUNN

THE DRIVE to put Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia in the chair of Elbridge Gerry, Garret A. Hobart, and Spiro T. Agnew is roaring along at full Throttlebottom. The Nunn-for-vice-president enthusiasm is shared by an unusually motley collection of politicians and commentators, including George Will (who solemnly calls Nunn "the American most qualified to be president"), Mayor Ed Koch of New York, Governor Jim Blanchard of Michigan, and Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut. But the most curious feature of Nunnery is the rage for making the hamsterish Georgia senator not just vice president but also (*a*) national security adviser, (*b*) secretary of defense, or (*c*) secretary of state.

Option (*a*) has been put forth by Representative Beryl Anthony Jr. of Arkansas, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, and by Norman Ornstein, the quote-disgorging political scientist; option (*b*) by Dodd, Blanchard, Robert Strauss, and House Majority Whip Tony Coelho of California; and option (*c*) by Albert R. Hunt, Washington bureau chief of the *Wall Street Journal*. The political logic behind all three ideas is essentially the same: to strengthen Michael Dukakis where he is weakest, on national security and foreign policy issues, and to point up Bush's cluelessness as vice president. Each advocate of a Nunn-plus scenario has arguments for his particular version. Anthony notes that the National Security Council has been the locus of buffoonery in the Reagan administration, with seven occupants (including the designers of Iranamok) in seven years, and that as NSC adviser Vice President Nunn would stick close to the Oval Office and be spared testifying before Congress. Coelho et al. like their idea because defense is Nunn's specialty. Hunt thinks his variation is best because state outranks defense, and because the NSC post is a "staff job that shouldn't go to a high-profile person."

All this is a classic case of Beltway balminess, all the balmier since the inside-the-Beltway types ought to know better. Nunn-plus may have a certain surface political plausibility based on mechanistic, inorganic conceptions of "balance," but substantively it's a bad idea. Cabinet officers and national security advisers can be fired. Vice presidents can't be, a circumstance that would give a vice president also serving in a high foreign policy post enormous power, all of it at the president's expense. While it's true that both parties to the arrangement would have powerful incentives to avoid an open break, in practice the tie would bind Dukakis far more than Nunn. The traditional weapons of bureaucratic infighting would shoot in one direction only. For example, a leaked story that Nunn was displeased with Dukakis's position on some arms control issue would underscore Dukakis's weakness—and so would a leaked story that Dukakis was displeased with Nunn's position. Heads Nunn wins, tails Dukakis loses. Instead of an ineffectual vice president we'd have an ineffectual president. That's a bad bargain. And remember, the source of all the ardor for Nunn is precisely the disagreements between him and Dukakis.

The historical precedents are meager and uniformly discouraging. FDR made Vice President Henry Wallace chairman of the war production board in 1942, fired him in 1943, endured a year of embarrassment, and dropped him from the ticket in 1944. In 1974 President Ford made Vice President Rockefeller chief of the White House Domestic Council. Rockefeller hired a staff and began churning out grandiose policy proposals that never got out of the building, though they did succeed in wasting Ford's time and sapping his political strength. And in 1980, in two frenzied days at the Republican convention, Ronald Reagan danced up to the edge of offering Ford the vice presidential nomination with a sweetener such as chief of staff or secretary of defense. This last is the closest parallel to Nunn-plus, since its purpose—to allay worries about the presidential candidate's abilities and opinions in foreign policy—was identical. One reason Reagan backed off, according to Lou Cannon, was that "the 'dream ticket' had the potential of

Nunn lets Dukakis know he's interested in VP slot

—*Denver Post*, April 23

NUNN SAYS his interest in the vice presidency is "one on a scale of 10."

—*Rocky Mountain News*, same day

(thanks to Jim Bershof and Robert S. Lackner, Denver, Colorado)

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turning into a nightmare in which Ford upstaged the presidential nominee and drew unwanted attention to Reagan's lack of experience in foreign policy." Good point. (Another disadvantage, in this case, is that Reagan would have had to spend the entire campaign listening to both his opponent and his running mate being addressed as "Mr. President.")

But even without any added gewgaws, giving Nunn the vice presidential nomination would be a mistake. He wouldn't balance the ticket so much as neutralize it. In Democratic terms his record and inclinations are those of a right-winger, and his conservatism is not limited to foreign and military policy. He got himself elected to the Senate in 1972 with the warm blessing of George Wallace, who, he announced at the time, "represents the real views of Georgians." Since then, Nunn's voting record, whether measured by liberal groups such as Americans for Democratic Action and the AFL-CIO or conservative ones such as Americans for Constitutional Action, has been essentially the reverse of the records of many Senate colleagues with whom he shares a reputation for moderation, such as Bill Bradley, Albert Gore Jr., and even Lloyd Bentsen. He has been among the loyalest of the loyal opposition. In 1985, according to *Congressional Quarterly*, his support for President Reagan in contested votes exceeded that of any other Senate Democrat. He was for Reaganomics, for William Rehnquist's nomination as chief justice, for killing off the Equal Rights Amendment, for Strom Thurmond's plan to limit the 1982 extension of the Voting Rights Act to 15 rather than 25 years, for a constitutional amendment overturning the Supreme Court's abortion decision.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Nunn is also a frank homophobe. In 1984, when an official of Senator John Glenn's presidential campaign quit over Glenn's opposition to a federal gay and lesbian civil rights bill, Nunn told a press conference, "John Glenn has the courage to give up his New York state campaign chairman rather than give up his strongly held moral belief that homosexuals should not be the role models for our children." In fact, the bill in question—amending the 1964 Civil Rights Act to prohibit discrimination based on sexual orientation—had nothing to do with role models. Gay Democratic activists, who are quite ready to support a ticket with Glenn or Bentsen on it, will not abide Nunn.

Taken singly, points like these have the sound of the bad old days of interest-group nitpicking. But once a pile of flunked litmus tests gets up to about eye level it begins to constitute a political philosophy, and this is one Dukakis should avoid shackling himself to. Nunn's defenders reply that his views have moderated somewhat in the last couple of years, which is true. When I asked Nunn's press secretary, Scott Maxwell, for evidence of his boss's concern for the downtrodden, he pointed to a 1975 Nunn-sponsored law establishing the federal Child Support Enforcement Program, which has forced delinquent fathers to pay $19 billion to needy mothers. That's good, but it's a swallow, not a summer. And it doesn't match the scores of billions Nunn has voted to cut from programs for the poor.

Even in national defense, the area where Nunn has concentrated his energies practically to the exclusion of everything else, his perspective is narrow and his record spotty. His fame as a combination of Clausewitz, Metternich, and Vandenberg is ill-founded. While he can talk cogently if aridly about isolated topics like NATO interoperability or MX missile deployment, he has no vision of a coherent overall defense policy, let alone a foreign policy, for his party. He helped rein in military benefits and pensions in the early '70s, then began complaining in the late '70s that the services weren't paying skilled personnel enough to retain them. He helped delay and obstruct SALT II in the late '70s, then demanded in the '80s that its provisions be observed. He forced President Carter to support five percent quantitative increases in defense spending, then turned around and insisted that it was quality, not quantity, that counted when that view became fashionable.

Nunn is a hard worker and no one doubts his sincerity,

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though apart from his vote for the Panama Canal treaties, one combs his record in vain for much evidence of courage. When Henry Jackson and John Tower steamrollered the Senate Armed Services Committee over the objections of its then chairman, John Stennis, into taking an official position in opposition to SALT II, Nunn did nothing about it, even though Stennis was his mentor and the step was wholly unprecedented. This year Nunn has defended the Senate's prerogatives in the dispute over the Reagan administration's attempt to "reinterpret" the antiballistic missile treaty. But on the whole, his pattern has been to posture as a safely hawkish "responsible" expert. The growth in his public stature has too often come at his party's expense, or that of the national interest. His career is a case study in the dynamics of Washington reputation-building.

Finally, Nunn is a dull and bloodless campaigner, a defect that over the course of a campaign would count far more heavily than the theoretical advantages of his place on the ideological and geographical marketing charts. He's even deadlier than Glenn—who, by the way, would be a better choice, since he is both a genuine moderate and a genuine hero. If a Southerner it must be, though, there are plenty of superior possibilities, from Dale Bumpers to Bob Graham, from Al Gore to Nunn's fellow Georgian Wyche Fowler, who can snap his galluses with the best of them. Coelho told me that one of his purposes in promoting Nunn is to stimulate some creative thinking about how to put together a Democratic ticket with broad appeal. All right, then, how about Bill Moyers? He has government experience in both foreign and domestic policy, he's met many a payroll, he's fearsomely articulate and broadly knowledgeable, and he speaks Southwestern. The floor is open for further nominations.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

France's fashionable fascist.

PIG LE PEN

WHEN JEAN-MARIE LE PEN, leader of the Front National, described his score in the first round of the French presidential election as a "political earthquake" he was, for once, not exaggerating. Le Pen's 4.36 million voters—14.6 percent of the metropolitan French electorate—not only give him more than twice as much support as the fading Communists, but also put him in a strong position to influence the result of the second round. In 1974 Le Pen got only 0.74 percent, and in 1981 he could not even muster enough support to get onto the ballot.

Le Pen himself—a big, tall man with Breton good looks—was infuriated by suggestions earlier this year that his blond hair was not natural. He held a series of televised baths so that one and all could see that he was blond all over. The picture of Aryan manhood was no doubt reassuring to some, but to others it recalled memories of Mussolini speaking while stripped to the waist or Doriot, the French fascist leader of the 1930s, speaking with his chest clothed only in an undershirt—the authentic style of macho fascism. Le Pen denies he is a fascist or even a racist and claims to have been in the Resistance. (It turns out that as a 16-year-old he tried to join the Resistance on D-day plus 1 and was told he was not required.) And he is quick to point out that though he owns a record company that sells disks of Hitler's speeches, the same company sells Churchill's speeches too. He is, he explains, simply a French nationalist and patriot. His election slogan this year was "Let's defend our colors." The fact that this was universally taken to imply hostility to the Arab and African immigrants Le Pen wants expelled en masse from France was, of course, merely coincidental. Le Pen is always able to point to a handful of naturalized Jewish supporters to fend off accusations of anti-Semitism.

Le Pen is a veteran of far right politics—he was the youngest Poujadist deputy swept into Parliament in 1956 by Pierre Poujade's proto-fascist movement, but left Parliament to sign up with the French army in Algeria. Le Pen's career as a paratrooper in the bloody Algerian conflict has meant that he has been dogged ever since by repeated accusations of having carried out torture on Algerian prisoners, though as yet his accusers have not been successful in a French court. But today he has a strong following among the *pieds noirs* (returned settler) community in southern France, and counts a number of old OAS (Secret Army) Algérie Française fanatics in his entourage. Pierre Sergent, one of the FN deputies in Parliament, is the former head of the OAS who ordered the various assassination attempts on de Gaulle. (Sergent is completely unapologetic about his past and has spoken in Parliament on the need to commemorate as war dead those executed for their part in such attempts.)

After the Algerian war Le Pen devoted himself to the intense sectarian life of the far right fringe. He boasts a glass eye, having lost a real one in an election brawl in this period. Or at least that's what he says. His disaffected ex-wife, Pierrette, whose salty memoirs and bedroom secrets are regularly divulged to weekly magazines for high fees, insists that her former husband lost the eye through simple illness. The truth—whatever it is—is less interesting than the fact that Le Pen is keen to insist on the election brawl variant of the story.

LE PEN EMERGED as a public figure in the 1983 municipal elections. Mitterrand's Socialist government had clearly lost its way and much of its popularity, while the opposition conservatives, in power for 23 years before 1981, were too tired and familiar to look like an interesting alternative. A political space thus opened up. At the same time Jacques Chirac, the Gaullist leader, opportunistically took up anti-immigrant and law-and-order themes for political effect against the Socialists. Le Pen found it easy to outflank Chirac on both fronts,

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and with that the movement was set on its way.

Chirac, appalled to find a destructive and charismatic rival on his right, has struggled desperately for five years to regain the political initiative, but to no avail. Indeed, in two years of Chirac government—during which authoritarian policies were initiated on law and order (the crime rate fell) and 130,000 immigrants were expelled or refused entry—Le Pen's support has grown from the ten percent he achieved in the 1984 (European) and 1986 (parliamentary) elections to 14.6 percent. In Marseilles Le Pen took over 28 percent of the vote and is now warming up to run for mayor there in 1989. His success can hardly be discounted, especially since the Socialist, Communist, and conservative mayoral candidates all happen to be gay. Already FN propaganda is making much of this fact. Should Le Pen seize power in France's second city he would have a power base second only to Chirac's as mayor of Paris.

This is far more important to Le Pen than who gets elected president. Undoubtedly, he would prefer Mitterrand to win—the FN was born and has thrived in opposition to a left-wing government, and it was Mitterrand who brought in proportional representation in 1986, which so helped the FN to elect its 35 deputies. Though Le Pen can hardly say publicly that he prefers a Mitterrand victory, his refusal to back Chirac at the second-round runoff and his hints at the desirability of abstention are about as helpful to Mitterrand as he can decently manage. In Le Pen's eyes the game now is to position the FN as the first recourse of the right after a second Mitterrand victory.

THERE ARE two ways of understanding what Le Pen's Front National stands for. One is to go to the FN's annual Fête Bleu, Blanc, Rouge, typically held at the old Le Bourget airport outside Paris. The first difference from an ordinary political gathering is the tight security at the gate, with Le Pen's burly stewards much in evidence—and you have to pay two dollars to go in. An extraordinary sight then assaults the eyes: side by side on the grass stand a set of nuclear fallout shelters, plastered with slogans about survivalism and how only Communist peaceniks are frightened of nuclear war, and, next to them, an "original village of the Gauls," replete with comic-strip Nordic characters strolling around in blond wigs and winged helmets. The idea seems to be that the village represents the idyllic racial source of the French nation. Inside the hall, every section of the FN has its own stand selling local produce, books, or—the most popular money-spinner—a cardboard cutout of the Leader. For only eight dollars you and your family can be photographed apparently talking to him: there are long queues at many of these stands. Other stands feature posters of John Wayne, highly stylized Wagnerian art—Siegfried in mortal battle with the Dragon and so forth, representations of Joan of Arc, soft-porn pictures of young things frolicking in strength-through-joy country walks, and collections of old right-wing newspapers from the 1920s and 1930s. Present in person when I last attended one of these affairs were Afghan guerrillas, Lebanese Christians, and representatives of Catholic nationalism, the last frequently wearing traditional priestly garb. But the most popular thing to be is a para. In addition to the FN newspaper's own paratrooper team, groups of young men strolled around in battle fatigues looking tough while stands sell material defending the paras from charges of torture during the Algerian war (though the effect was a little spoiled by one pamphlet entitled "Torture—Why Not?"). My favorite stand was a representation of the history of the French right, with lengthy portrayals of "the struggle over Dreyfus" right through to the present, but with a strange gap for the period 1940-45.

By evening all is ready for the appearance of the Leader. In the amphitheater lights dim and thousands of hands hold lighter flames aloft in the dark (the FN symbol is a flame) as patriotic songs crash out. Finally the spotlight picks out Le Pen, and amid a surge of hysterical adulation he struggles through the crowd to the podium. Young couples hold their babies aloft to get a glimpse of the great man. Typically, Le Pen will warm up his audience by mentioning the names of journalists who have "insulted" him (the names are heavily or exclusively Jewish), and the audience roars back its hatred after every name. Then he stops and reminds them that Jesus was angry when he saw the merchants in the temple and that when he, Le Pen, was insulted by such journalists "I, like Jesus, knew the emotion of anger." Euphoric cheers. The technique is simple: one minute the audience is baying like a mad dog in its hatred of Jewish journalists, the next it is up there in heaven, with the Leader and Jesus side by side. Le Pen maintains the same violent emotional swings for an hour or so—and often gets in a favorable reference to the old Vichy slogan of "*Travail, Famille, Patrie.*" As he speaks, he roams all over the stage like a rock star in concert.

THE OTHER WAY of understanding Le Pen is to look at who votes for him. Because the Communists have been losing strength at the same time that the FN has been gaining it, some observers have rushed to the conclusion that there simply has been a wholesale transfer of extremist votes from the far left to the far right. It is true that there are such cases, but they are the minority: only a quarter of Le Pen's vote comes from the Socialists and Communists put together, while fully three-quarters comes from those who previously supported orthodox conservatives.

Le Pen's support has changed, however. In the early days his voters had the classic profile of the old French right—disproportionately upper-class, old, and Catholic. Over time this profile has changed radically, becoming ever younger, lower-class, more secular, and increasingly male. One is struck by this at FN meetings: the aging Vichyites and *pieds noirs* are now often outnumbered by leather-jacketed—and frequently unemployed—working-class youths. Right across the age range men outnumber women by nearly 2-to-1 in FN ranks, but the further down the age range one goes, the more male Le Pen's support becomes: among teenagers the male disproportion is 3-to-1.

It is among the alienated young males—among whom

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the urge to *épater les bourgeois* is strong—that Le Pen finds his toughest and most radical militants. On my way home from one FN meeting I found that young FN militants had scrawled their own recipe for "Jewish cooking" all over the Metro: "first put your Jew in the oven," it began. But while FN voters seem to have a high tolerance of anti-Semitism, it is seldom what draws them to the movement. Typically FN voters are disenchanted with the whole political establishment, furious that unemployment has risen (to twice the U.S. and above the British level), and are highly susceptible to a simplistic superpatriotism. Hatred of Arab immigrants and an exaggerated sense of personal insecurity are the chief expressions of this frustration—typically FN voters claim that they or those they know have been the victims of a crime rate far in excess of anything that actually exists.

But as Le Pen's movement grows it becomes a home for other discontented groups as well—small farmers threatened by farm amalgamations, small shopkeepers (31 percent of whom have just voted for Le Pen), monarchists, the old Catholic right, and all manner of freaks and misfits. Special mention has to be made of the Moonies—the head of the Moonies in France (and nephew of the former head of the employers' federation) is an FN deputy. Moonie funds are said to flow plentifully into the movement.

IT SEEMS CLEAR that Le Pen's movement is not going to go away at all easily. But the FN coalition is still fragile. Many old conservatives have jumped aboard and are overrepresented among the FN's deputies in the French and European parliaments. They are resented by the more overtly fascist wing—the *"purs et durs"* grouped behind Jean-Pierre Stirbois, the soft-spoken and methodical secretary-general of the party. Disputes between Stirbois and more moderate elements (such as Le Pen's campaign manager, Bruno Mégret) have repeatedly erupted into violence. Shortly before the election only the intervention of Le Pen's personal bodyguards (led by the awesome Freddy the Catcher—the "Butcher of Béthune") prevented Mégret from being beaten up by Stirbois heavies.

Stirbois is seen by many as the Himmler of the movement—he is a strong proponent of the view that the Holocaust never really occurred, and it is believed that Le Pen's description of the Nazi gas chambers as a mere "detail of history" was an attempt to placate the Stirbois wing. And increasingly it needs placating, for Stirbois seethes at the possibility of a sellout to the orthodox right, and he has built up a formidable party apparatus of which he has personal and absolute control. Similarly, the party's newspaper, *Minute*, recurrently threatens to escape from Le Pen's control.

Nonetheless, these tensions will likely be contained as long as the FN continues to prosper. It shows no signs of faltering. One cannot but reflect that prior to 1940 the extreme right was a permanent fixture in French politics and that each time it re-emerged after that—in the shape of Vichy, then of Poujadism, and then of the Algérie Française ultras, it was de Gaulle who smashed it, who beheaded the monster. Now, almost 20 years after de Gaulle's death, the monster has woken again.

R. W. JOHNSON

R. W. Johnson is fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. He writes frequently on French politics and is the author of *The Long March of the French Left* (Macmillan).

The apotheosis of Jesse Jackson.

MAN IN THE MIRROR

AS A BLACK I had hoped that with the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. 20 years ago, blacks would cease investing all their dreams and hopes in a leader and would begin to take responsibility as a group for how to meet the problems we face. Instead, Campaign '88 has become possessed by the politics of the messiah. Not even King galvanized black America the way Jesse Jackson has. Though we are trained to recognize the messiahs coming from the right, we seem blind to the fact that messiahs can also come from the left.

The messiah mentality is reflected first of all in the unanimity of black American support for Jackson. During the 1984 campaign many blacks—some of them prominent Democrats—withheld support from Jackson. A few, such as Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta, openly disparaged his campaign. In 1988, if there is a black opposition to Jackson, it is silent.

In response to the charge of messianism, the Jackson campaign—and its many supporters—points to its success in bringing blacks into the electoral process. But thousands of newly registered voters do not connote commitment to the electoral process. Already many blacks are saying that if Jackson is not the Democratic Party presidential or vice presidential nominee, or if he is not a role-player at the Democratic convention, then they are going to sit out the election—unless Jackson tells them otherwise. Such a position is not that of people committed to something other than one man.

Jackson is universally applauded for his ability to articulate the despair and hopes of blacks, the poor, the dispossessed, etc. But the answer Jackson offers is not community organizing, protest, or anything remotely related to a social movement in which the people affected would be the instruments for needed change. The answer Jackson offers is Jackson. This is where Jackson differs most radically from the man whose heir he claims to be. Martin Luther King Jr. never offered himself as the solution to segregation and voter disfranchisement. When a people, any people, invest their hopes and dreams in a leader with the energy and almost mass hysteria surrounding the Jackson campaign, the result can only be bitter disappoint-

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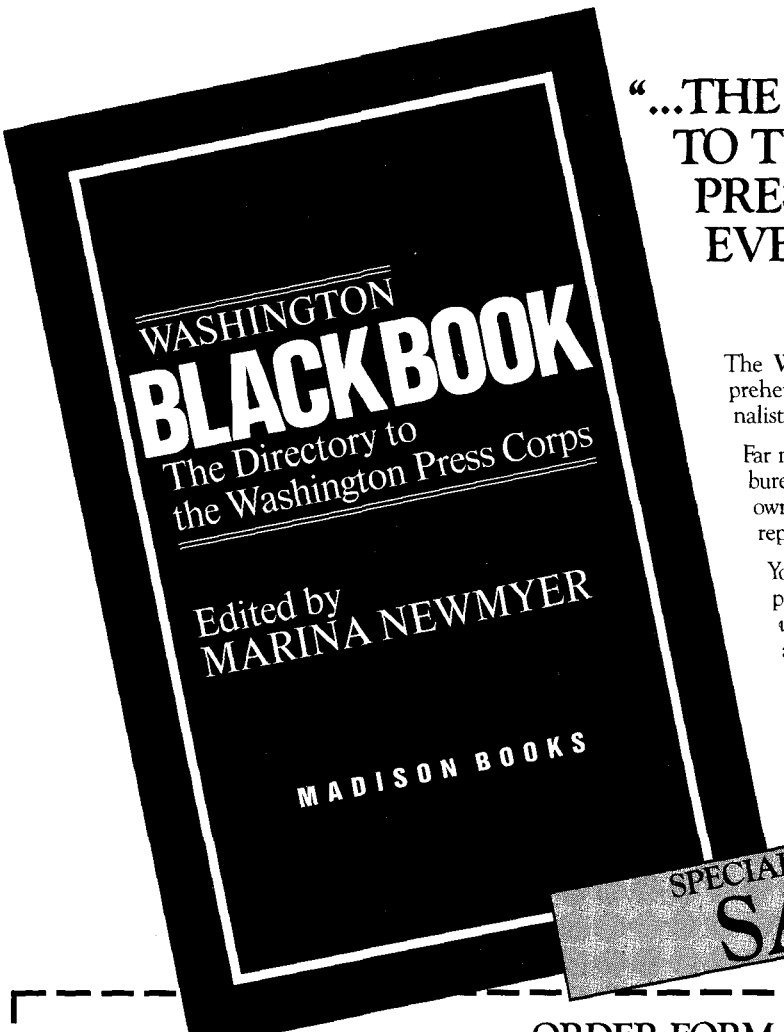

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ment, because no individual can be a savior.

What is important about the Jackson campaign is not that it represents the first serious effort by a black to be the presidential nominee of a major political party. What is important and very frightening about it is that a significant sector of the population, black and white, has fallen under a mass delusion. "Progressive" it may be, as my more liberal friends would have it, but it is still a delusion. It is dangerous because he-who-would-be-savior and the mass become like mirrors each holds up to the other. They see what they want to see. In private, this delusion is merely sad. In public, it is alarming. The proper place for narcissism is the mirror in one's bathroom.

JULIUS LESTER

Julius Lester teaches at the University of Massachusetts—Amherst.

The Gulf and the War Powers Act.

WHOSE WAR IS IT, ANYWAY?

WE'VE BLASTED those oil rigs and half the Iranian navy to kingdom come, and President Reagan still refuses to comply with the law by officially acknowledging to Congress that we are engaged in hostilities. And no one in Congress seems to care.

On the surface this seems odd. The violation of law could hardly be clearer. Section 4(a)(1) of the War Powers Resolution of 1973 requires such a report whenever our armed forces are involved in hostilities or a situation "where imminent involvement in hostilities is clearly indicated by the circumstances." Even on the extravagant assumption that we weren't in such a situation before, we certainly got there on Monday, April 18. Nor would one ordinarily expect Congress to be complaisant about the usurpation of its constitutional and statutory prerogatives. True, they might not take decisive legislative action—they seem generally to be doing less of that lately—but wouldn't you at least expect a little screaming?

Some people excuse the president's failure to comply with the War Powers Resolution by asserting that it is "unconstitutional." In fact there is one section of the resolution that might be invalidated under a 1983 Supreme Court decision—but that is Section 5(c), permitting Congress to order the president to withdraw troops from combat by concurrent resolution, which recent history almost conclusively establishes Congress never would have had the courage to invoke anyhow.

The heart of the resolution resides elsewhere, in the combination of Section 4(a)(1), requiring official notification of Congress whenever our troops are involved in hostilities or the imminent likelihood, and Section 5(b), requiring that they be withdrawn 60 days later unless Congress has authorized their continued presence. There is no serious argument that these provisions are unconstitutional.

The "original intent" of the Framers of the Constitution on this issue could hardly be clearer. The power "to declare War" was vested explicitly in Congress. The debates, and early practice, establish that this meant that all wars—whether declared or undeclared (yes, they knew about the latter)—had to be legislatively authorized. "The Executive," George Mason explained, was not "safely to be trusted" with such decisions, at least not alone.

Once a war was congressionally authorized, the president—as "Commander in Chief"—would assume ultimate strategic control of the way in which it would be fought. He could in addition—and this was the only exception to the proposition that he was not to take up arms without advance congressional authorization—respond defensively to "repel sudden attacks." The reason for this is obvious: it was feared that Congress wouldn't have time to respond in such cases. Of course Congress can be convened faster now than it could in the late 18th century. But the need for swift military response may have become more important. Thus we should preserve for the president permission to act when there isn't time for Congress to do so.

The underlying principle, however, is certainly not obsolete: the decision to go to war is ultimately Congress's, and thus the president, having responded to what he takes to have been the emergency, remains obligated under the Constitution to report to Congress what he has done as soon as practicable and to await its decision whether to continue military activity. Congress in turn is under a correlative constitutional duty to consider whether the nation is to be thus committed. In the event no affirmative authorization is forthcoming, hostilities are to be terminated.

Sections 4(a)(1) and 5(b) of the War Powers Resolution are designed to give concrete contemporary meaning to this original constitutional understanding. If anything is unconstitutional about the scheme, it is that the president gets as many as 90 free days (including a 30-day extension for "unavoidable military necessity") in which to wage war without congressional authorization.

Certain presidents in the 19th century and early 20th centuries played a little fast and loose with the Constitution in this area. But when they did so—and this is critical to the question whether practice over time might have somehow unofficially amended the original constitutional understanding—they obscured or covered up the actual facts, all the while dutifully pledging public fealty to the constitutional need for congressional authorization of military action. Shifts of constitutional power, to the extent they are possible at all, must be accomplished in the open. (It was only with the commitment of American troops to Korea in 1950 that presidents began to claim openly the right to initiate and sustain hostilities without such authorization.)

Since 1950, it is true, Congress has been mostly docile in the face of presidential claims of omnipotence—with occa-

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sional brief shows of courage, notably at the very end of the war in Indochina. But 38 years of surrender—intermittent, at that—hardly seems enough to alter a century and a half of constitutional understanding to the contrary.

The War Powers Resolution, passed in 1973 over President Nixon's veto, was designed to screw the courage of future Congresses to the sticking post. It was supposed to ensure that the president would (as soon as practicable) bring military hostilities to Congress for approval and that Congress in turn would face up to its constitutional obligation to make the decision on war and peace.

Obviously it hasn't worked. Our presidents, from Gerald Ford onward, have been slick: they either have wholly failed to report hostilities under the resolution or have done so in terms so vague that they avoid starting the 60-day clock. Congress has failed to react to this brazen or slippery defiance. The Persian Gulf is only the latest example of congressional inaction in the face of presidential failure to comply. (To be sure, it is one of the more swashbuckling. Anyone who can tell me with a straight face that sinking half the enemy's navy doesn't involve hostilities or the imminent likelihood thereof is someone with whom I'd just as soon not play poker—or, for that matter, associate.)

The *Wall Street Journal* was right in its April 19 editorial on the War Powers Resolution that "we haven't heard many complaints about the [military] events of Monday morning." "That absence," the *Journal* continued, "says a lot." The *Journal* thinks it says that everyone, and Congress in particular, is coming around to realizing that the resolution constitutes an improper interference with presidential power. What Congress's silence actually says is what Congress has been saying by its (in)actions since 1950: that it doesn't want to be accountable for deciding about war and peace. It says that Congress would rather revert to the comfortable pattern so brilliantly realized in its Vietnam performance, one of dodging responsibility and reserving the right to express the righteous indignation of an "unimplicated" party when the war in question begins not to play so well.

You may ask, So what? If members of Congress find it politically advantageous to relinquish their constitutional prerogatives, why should the rest of us care? The answer is that their prerogatives aren't really what's at stake here.

Oliver Elsworth defended giving Congress the war power, saying, "It should be more easy to get out of war, than into it." George Mason seconded the motion by stating that he was "for clogging rather than facilitating war; but for facilitating peace." Their true concern was not the prerogatives of Congress vis-à-vis the president. Rather, their concern was that a single individual should not be able to lead the nation precipitously into war. They wanted more than one key to be necessary to start the engines of war.

Relinquishing their keys and entrusting them to the president may be politically convenient for the members of Congress, but in doing so they are violating a public trust. On other matters, dodging electoral responsibility may have become part (even the name) of the game, but this is *war* we're talking about. The Framers of the Constitution thought it was a special subject, and it is. For one brief moment in 1973, when it overrode Nixon's veto of the War Powers Resolution, it actually looked as if Congress was prepared to face up to its constitutional responsibilities, daunting and disadvantageous as that can sometimes prove. Unfortunately, it hasn't looked that way since.

As it happens, if Congress were forced to decide on the events of April 18 it almost certainly would back the president. That is what makes this such a good opportunity for Congress to take a stand in support of the law. What it should do is to declare that Section 4(a)(1) of the War Powers Resolution is applicable—because at the very least there is an imminent danger of hostilities—and then go on (if so inclined) to authorize the continued presence and military activity of our Navy in the Gulf, thereby eliminating the 60-day limit of Section 5(b). That way the Navy can stay and the president can blast oil rigs and Iranian ships when it seems appropriate to him, but a precedent will have been set that might stiffen the backbone of future Congresses in more contestable cases.

Fat chance, I suppose. But somebody should say a word in defense of Congress's constitutional role, since it seems a cinch that Congress isn't going to.

JOHN HART ELY

John Hart Ely, former dean of Stanford Law School, is a visiting professor this semester at New York Law School.

Yale's feel-good School of Management.

BULLDOG BULL

PAUL VOLCKER had agreed to give the keynote address at the tenth anniversary of the Yale School of Organization and Management (SOM). The hall was jammed with alums. "All of a sudden people began to applaud," says Joan Ryan, director of public relations. "All of a sudden they began to stand. People in the audience were weeping and crying." Volcker asked the dean what was going on. It was a spontaneous outburst, he was told, that had nothing to do with him. Tears of joy flowed because the Yale School of Management lived on. "That's just the way we are at SOM," says Ryan. "We're different."

True enough, it's not exactly what you'd expect from a business school reunion. But perhaps even more unusual is how I happened upon this anecdote. It wasn't through diligent legwork or shrewd questioning. Rather, it was spoon-fed to me over the phone as I lay in bed trying to sleep. Just hours after I had mentioned to a Yale student that I would be writing this article, I received a call from the SOM public relations office, intent on telling me about the emotional depth of its alumni.

Yale believes it plays a special role in the education of

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America's managers. "Students get everything they can get from a conventional school plus some," says acting Dean Joe Peck. When Yale people talk about "conventional schools," they usually mean Harvard. "Our people can make a profit with the best of them, but they also want a happy workplace," says Ryan. "SOM draws people with a passion about things. It's a mission-based institution," says a student.

Yalies throw around the word "mission" quite a bit. Were you to wander the halls of the Harvard Business School and randomly ask, "What is your mission?" students would assume you were some flakeball who lost his way to a divinity school pep rally. At Yale, by comparison, this is an almost natural way to start a conversation. "What is your mission?" I cryptically asked total strangers. Everyone knew exactly what I was talking about, and no one laughed except one student who said the mission was "to land on Mars." Then even he got serious.

The Yale School of Management's mission is poignant enough to move grown-ups to tears, but vague enough to elude a generally accepted definition. A part of it, all agree, is that Yale trains managers for both the private and the public sectors, while other business schools produce more run-of-the-mill captains of industry. While the big issue at Harvard is whether graduates will make their millions by building better widgets in Ohio or by leeching on Wall Street, Yale brows furrow over whether students should make their millions at all. Students are meant to be driven by values more noble than greed. This supposedly reflects the intentions of the founding fathers: investment banker William Donaldson, Yale President Kingman Brewster, philanthropist and businessman William Beinecke, and Yale professor of economics John Perry Miller. "In my 30-odd years in business," said Beinecke in a speech called "The Birth of the School," "few things have surprised and disappointed me more than the attitude many businessmen have about the world . . . even men of the highest capacity will, without regret, limit themselves to a two-course curriculum—they major in the bottom line and minor in golf." Yale would not send "its students into the world with wrong, distorted, overly self-serving values for living their lives."

PRETTY NOBLE STUFF. But what does it mean in practice? "We're trying to be everything good at once," says marketing professor K. Sridhar Moorthy, in discussing how Yale markets its newest professional school. Leafing through a Yale School of Management p.r. package, one finds an incredible number of boasts (even for a p.r. package), some of which seem mutually exclusive. Yale promotes good citizenship. Yale promotes entrepreneurship. Yale trains managers for *both* the private and the public sectors. Yale concentrates on *both* research and teaching. Yale is a cooperative rather than a competitive environment, which is why Yale has a relaxed grading system and elects no class officers. Yet Yale provides a rigorous education, and places graduates with the most prestigious Wall Street firms. And so on.

Who says you can't have it all? But the student of Yale's dreams probably doesn't exist. If she did (and it would be a woman, since Yale prides itself on having more women than any conventional business school), she would be an investment banker who quit, say, Goldman Sachs to enter SOM. She applies only to SOM, because only SOM offers the curriculum she seeks. In her first year she finds a more efficient way to distribute fire stations in her hometown of Washington, D.C. She resists the advances of Bain & Co. and spends her summer creating a Big Brother/Big Sister program on the South Side of Chicago. Upon graduating she eschews a million-dollar offer from Salomon Brothers and instead goes to work at $35,000 per annum for the Congressional Budget Office. In short order she balances the federal budget and at the same time increases the generosity of all social welfare programs. She moonlights as a concert pianist, giving her performances in poor neighborhoods at no charge. She refuses many calls from headhunters to remain in the public sector. Interviewed by the *Wall Street Journal*, she thanks Yale for giving her the management tools and the values to do her job. Oh yes—somewhere she finds several hundred million dollars and donates it to the Yale School of Organization and Management.

Regardless of what it actually graduates, the school dearly wants to be thought to produce a certain kind of superachieving altruist and does not take kindly to reporters who show up and ask how many of their graduates took jobs with investment banks last year (25 percent). "Sometimes we get a hard-nosed reporter who looks only at the numbers," said p.r. woman Ryan with a frown. A hard-nosed article in *Business Week* last November showed that though half of the SOM Class of 1986 came from the public sector, only 15 percent returned there. SOMers respond to these figures in three ways. First, they say that Yalies are in private sector jobs with a public sector flavor. They may be on Wall Street, for example, but they work in public finance. They also say that Yalies will return to the public sector after they pay off the $40,000 of debt they have accumulated while at Yale. Or, finally, like Nancy Bove, the director of placement at SOM, they might say, "I don't think that [placing graduates in the public sector] was every part of the mission." The school is nevertheless cobbling together a loan forgiveness program, and an internship fund for students who go into public sector jobs.

AN EVEN MORE sensitive issue than what students should be when they grow up is what students are taught in class. Yale has stressed a discipline called Organizational Behavior (OB)—of course, not to the exclusion of more conventional subjects such as economics, finance, and accounting. (At SOM, nothing is ever to the exclusion of anything else.) Economists, unfortunately, tend to look down their noses at OBs (just as physicists look down their noses at economists). OB is a "softer" social science. OBs and economists have entirely different notions about what motivates people, and therefore some pretty different ideas about how to manage them. "We're satisficers rather than optimisers," says OB program head Victor Vroom.

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SOM was built around the OB department, and some OB professors regard SOM's slow but steady acquisition of economics and finance departments as selling the "mission" down river. "We've hired a number of people who would like us to be another University of Chicago," says Vroom. He means: strip Yale of its social conscience and turn everyone into Milton Friedman.

"If I were a mad economist and I wanted to get rid of your department, how would I start?" I asked Vroom, just for fun.

"Get rid of community-building," said Vroom.

Community-building is to the Yale School of Management what the first night holding hands around the campfire is to an Outward Bound program, or the first shared prayer to a religious retreat. It certainly sets the place apart from conventional schools. All new students meet in a room. Vroom asks them to pair off with someone they don't know, and to learn about each other. He then confronts the pair and challenges them to dig down deep. "This person is a living, breathing human being," he says. "You have one minute to think of a way to find out more about him than superficial facts."

Community-building occurs as the newly acquainted pair finds another pair. Then the foursome finds another foursome. Eight people form a group that then makes itself even more uncomfortable. For example, Vroom asks all members of the group to relate their honest first impressions of everyone else, and to say which person makes them most and least comfortable. The group then takes an OB course called Individual & Group Behaviour together. "Years later at reunions you see the groups reassemble," says Vroom. "It is a tremendously powerful bonding exercise."

Yale is clearly no place for people uncomfortable in crowds. And since I had always thought of entrepreneurs as strong-headed loners, like Steve Jobs, I wondered how Yale could lay claim to producing an entrepreneurial spirit. What's more, as members of an anointed elite, SOM graduates pay a high opportunity cost if they choose to strike out on their own. Virtually every Wall Street investment bank interviews on the SOM campus. "We have a problem with [the seductiveness of] 25-year-old investment bankers in Armani suits rolling up in limos," says placement director Bove. It is a problem familiar even to conventional schools. But the Yale brochure with a wave of the semantic wand settles the matter: "Some entrepreneurs find opportunity in their own businesses; some give new direction to an established business; some provide creative management in the public and non-profit sectors." At Yale we can all be entrepreneurs.

BUT BEING everything good at once is only half of the SOM mission. It is also important to avoid being anything bad. Ivan Boesky, we can now all agree, is bad. But at one time he was featured in the SOM admissions brochure. Upon his arrest, his picture was removed. Then an interesting thing happened: Yale seemed to realize that what was bad for Boesky could be good for Yale. Wasn't this the message of the founding fathers? Greed was on the way out, and public service might, just might, be on the way back in. A seminal article, now part of the Yale p.r. kit, appeared in the *Yale Alumni Magazine* called "No Boeskys, Please." "Among the staff of the School of Organization and Management," reports the article, "there is a palpable sense of relief that an offer by Boesky to give a lecture series was refused" (whew, that was a close one!). A student named Chris Koller says, "Everyone was thrilled he got caught."

"We try to admit good citizens," the director of admissions, Richard Silverman, told me. Hence the title of the alumni magazine article. Students hold a majority of seats on the SOM admissions committee and prevent future Boeskys from getting in. Last spring, according to the article, students

> played a key role in turning away at least one highly qualified applicant. The man had good grades and high GMAT scores. He had been captain of a college athletic team and had distinguished himself working for a prominent Wall Street firm. That firm, however, had been in the news in connection with a check kiting scandal.

Clearly this was E. F. Hutton. Guilt by association? Well, the article quotes SOM's former dean, Burton Malkiel, explaining: "The admissions committee did not admit him because when he talked about his experience, the kinds of things he was doing, and his likes, he didn't mention what they thought should have been his shame about the kinds of things going on in the firm."

AS FAR as I could make out, SOM students are uniformly good citizens. They don't stick gum under the tables in their cafeteria, and I searched the toilet stalls in vain for a word of graffiti. They are obsessed by their school. And, it is true, SOMers seem to have a genuine concern for public welfare, even if they do end up selling options at Salomon Brothers for a living. Last winter, without pay, Yale students figured out how to snowplow the streets of New Haven more efficiently than it has ever been done before. You can find this information too in your p.r. package.

But even if they want to devote their lives to doing good works, SOMers find no natural course to follow upon graduation. There is no elite civil service in America as there is in England and France. They're all dressed up with no place to go. They are waiting for their Jack Kennedy, in a sense, to restore the pride in government service, or perhaps for another depression to decrease the attractiveness of the private sector. In its relations with the real world, Yale seems to feel backed into a corner, and is becoming excessively concerned with its image. I am willing to accept the possibility of a rare breed of elite altruists. But I am wary of self-advertised elite altruists. When hyping the mission is such a big part of the mission, it's hard not to get suspicious.

MICHAEL M. LEWIS

Michael M. Lewis is writing a book about the golden age of investment banking.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Immortals and Others

Those who admire Peter Handke's writing, as I do, will know that one of its prime components is the exaltation of minutiae. The protagonist (all of Handke's fiction is told from one point of view) will be walking along and will observe ordinary things; and by the very act of isolating commonplace details and linking them, Handke persuades us that

Wings of Desire
(Orion Classics)

Someone to Love
(Rainbow/Castle Hill)

the diurnal is mysterious, that to look closely at commonplace matters and to juxtapose them makes them even more mysterious. From his latest novel, *Across*, which is set in a suburb of Salzburg:

> On the darkening street of the Colony, a young girl in baggy blue trousers was walking straight into the last yellow glow in the sky. An older woman on a bicycle turned in from a side street, holding a full milk can in one hand. . . . An old man was walking from his house to his garden gate and back, changing his glasses on the way out and feeling his pulse on the way back. As usual, the wind was from the west.

Against this tessellated detail, made ominous simply by quiet scrutiny, an agon eventually grows that threatens to shake the cosmos in which girls walk and women bicycle and old men change their glasses. This is all the more true because that cosmos is lateral: the heavens above it are empty.

Handke alters this last point drastically in his new screenplay. (The stupid English title is *Wings of Desire*. The German title translates as *Heaven over Berlin* or possibly *The Sky over Berlin*.) Once again the fabric of the piece is made up of mundane details spliced together, but this time they are mostly the private thoughts of numberless individuals, not their visible actions or audible utterances, and those thoughts are heard by two angels who descend from a heaven that is obviously not empty.

Damiel, the chief of the two angels, is played by Bruno Ganz, perhaps best known as the Russian count in *The Marquise of O.* His companion, Cassiel, is played by Otto Sander, who was the marquise's brother in that earlier film. Both angels wear ordinary clothes, undistinguished overcoats. Damiel's wings are shown only occasionally—for instance, at the beginning when he stands atop the Gedächtniskirche looking down on Berlin. We never see him or Cassiel fly: they appear in one place or another and, occasionally, fade from the picture. They both move among people on the streets, in the Underground, in a library, listening to what is in the mind of one silent person after another. The angels cannot significantly help anyone, though their presence is sometimes sensed.

One other difference from previous Handke works is strong. Handke's characters generally move through their lives uncomplainingly and with considerable curiosity but not often with joy in the fact of existence. Damiel wants to exist—as a human. He is greatly moved by what he sees and hears, is particularly moved by children, and is jealous of mortal life. He wants to slough his angelic being and become someone within time, not outside it, someone content with the adventure of each mortal day. He says to Cassiel: "I want to enter history if only to hold an apple in my hand."

All this is seen against a backdrop of Berlin today at its ugliest, with some flashbacks of wartime newsreels. Three mortals stand out in Damiel's wanderings. There's an old storyteller fearful that his tales—and therefore the past—will be lost, played by the ancient Curt Bois, who was one of Brecht's favorite actors. Peter Falk appears as his rough-diamond self—an American actor named Peter Falk who is making a film about wartime Berlin, complete with swastika'd soldiers and yellow-badged Jews. Solveig Dommartin, a bit wan, is a trapeze performer with a small, failing circus, who is left alone, like Chaplin at the end of *The Circus*, when her troupe moves on. Damiel falls in love with her, and that love galvanizes his change to mortal status.

The screenplay is too long. Handke's books and plays are all on the short side because he acutely measures stress on his peculiar structures and does not overload. Not so here. Twenty minutes cut out of the 130 would greatly improve the piece. The idea of angels moving among mortals never quite shakes a hint of sugariness, no matter how pungent the writing. Falk turns out to have been an angel himself who changed jobs 30 years before (to become a film actor!); he says, "There are a lot of us around," which is another touch of sweetening. But this new Handke, penetrating a world of secrets instead of observing surfaces that connote secrets, is making a wry comment on his former approach, heightened by his usual poetic insight. He is much helped by Ganz. No face ever looked less conventionally angelic yet more reticently compassionate.

The trouble with this screenplay—and obviously the worst thing to be said about it—is that it was filmed. It ought only to have been published. I would love to read it translated in full, not compressed into (quite good) subtitles. I would love to read it undistracted by

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Colors. Robert Duvall and Sean Penn are vivid as L.A. cops facing street-gang wars. Fast, harsh action based on fact, though the fact is trimmed into conventional fiction. (Reviewed 5/16/88)

A Taxing Woman. Juzo Itami's screenplay, about a woman tax inspector in Tokyo, wanders in tale and tone, but it's smartly directed and acted. (5/2/88)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being. Those who haven't read Milan Kundera's novel may enjoy it more than others—who can find solace in three engaging performances. (2/29/88)

White Mischief. High-comedy recreation of the actual murder of an earl by a baronet in Kenya, 1941. The style, well sustained, is the film. (4/11/88)

SK

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Wim Wenders's filming. Wenders and Handke, old friends, have collaborated before. Wenders directed *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick*, the fine film that Handke adapted from his novel; and Wenders produced the film that Handke himself directed of his screenplay *The Left-Handed Woman*, a gem. The best aspect of Wenders's work here is that it was done in Germany; he has returned home after his ungainly forays abroad and doesn't have to keep proving that he knows the terrain.

The next best aspect is the camerawork of the venerable Henri Alekan. (The circus in the film is named for him.) Most of the film is shot not in black and white, but in a sort of dark green and light gray, which strikes the right ambiguous note between realism and the unreal. But color sequences are arbitrarily inserted from time to time by Wenders, with no apparent design.

The color is merely a distraction. Worse is the distention of almost every sequence with repetitive shots and shots held too long. Equally bad is the film's lack of grace and rhythm. The result is that Wenders has done little more than underscore the weaknesses of Handke's screenplay—its risk of the saccharine and its undue length.

Its very existence as a film sets up expectations that wouldn't exist within a book—another reason I'd bet that there would be more pleasure in reading the screenplay. I can't remember ever thinking that previously about a film. In a way it's a comment on Handke's persistence as a daring artist, not always successful, and on Wenders's diminution as an artist, not often successful.

Another goodbye to and from Orson Welles. The only reason for seeing Henry Jaglom's *Someone to Love* is that Welles appears in it toward the end, as himself. Jaglom has for some years found the means to further his pathetically slim, pretentious filmmaking and has this time gathered a lot of friends in a Santa Monica theater on Valentine's Day to discuss loneliness.

Imagine a group of film and theater people talking about themselves with all the no-longer-new frankness of our age, then lower the level of discourse several notches, and you have *Someone to Love*. Nothing of import occurs until Welles, who was a friend of Jaglom's and appeared in another of his films, is suddenly discovered sitting in the last row of the orchestra.

He and Jaglom converse—presumably impromptu—and Welles makes some fairly keen comments on the emancipation of women. At the end Jaglom asks him to call the final "cut" to the cameraman. Thus Welles finishes this film and his career. That the finish is in this tatty film and that his presence even here has his old easy power make that command of "cut" all the sadder.

How commercials are changing the movies.

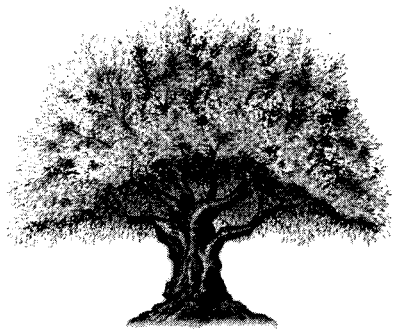
SPOTS OF ART

BY NESTOR ALMENDROS

IN the last few years television commercials have become so influential that they have changed the conditions of work in my profession. Even more important, they have affected the aesthetics of filmmaking. This development has caught everybody by surprise, and its consequences have yet to be fully assessed.

A great many film people now make a living mainly from producing these extremely short films—a mere ten, 15, or 30 seconds long. There's so much work available in advertising that the threat of unemployment, always endemic to the movie industry, has disappeared for many. The renting of camera equipment is a booming business, mainly owing to producers of TV commercials, who now have to reserve their paraphernalia long in advance. The same is true of studios, especially medium-sized ones. One may lament the state of feature-length films

Nestor Almendros, the cinematographer, won an Academy Award in 1978 for *Days of Heaven*. He is the author of *A Man with a Camera* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).



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in many countries, but there is no crisis in the film industry itself.

Of course, advertising existed long before the movies—in some sense, since time immemorial; but it did not really come into its own until the second half of the 19th century. Perhaps the best-known example of the artist in advertising is Toulouse-Lautrec and his ads for Confetti and mineral waters. In Spain the painter Ramon Casas was renowned for promoting a brand of anisette at the turn of the century. More recently Maxfield Parrish was noted in America for his exciting ads for electric lamps. Long after all these products were forgotten, the art that hawked them remained; and now these works appear prominently in collections and museums.

Film advertising, by contrast, has yet to be acknowledged for its aesthetic worth and cultural service. Instead there is widespread condescension toward these TV spots, which, whether we like them or not, certainly reflect life, or at least some of its desires. For a start, the creators themselves have misgivings. The paternity of these fleeting films is almost always anonymous, as if their authors are ashamed of them. But the truth is that many of the great directors of contemporary feature films either come from the field of television commercials or at least pass through it. Film critics and aficionados don't deny the fact, of course; but they ignore the magnitude of the phenomenon.

I DON'T SHARE these scruples; I'm proud to have collaborated on some of these minifilms. Thanks to them, I have had the privilege of working with great directors I've admired but never managed to collaborate with—for example, among the directors of the French New Wave, Claude Chabrol. Through the years Chabrol has been faithful to his director of photography, Jean Rabier, but just once, for reasons beyond their control, the team was separated, and I had the chance to work with the great master in a delightfully humorous TV spot about a cheese. Or with Martin Scorsese, with whom I worked in Italy on a 30-second short in black and white for Giorgio Armani. Scorsese is a walking film encyclopedia, which doesn't prevent him from finding his own inspiration. In this case, his subject was a classic love scene between two young people; the style of the ad was elegant and quiet, yet pure Scorsese. Or with great fashion still photographers who are now turning to motion photography, that is, to movies, such as Richard Avedon or Bruce Weber.

To be sure, just as in the "legitimate" cinema, there are TV spots that are noble and TV spots that are not. In America, advertising people talk of "soft sell" and "hard sell." The "hard" spots directly and even crudely promote the product, while the "soft" ones (which have acquired a new prestige in advertising in recent years) present it subtly, sometimes scarcely mentioning the product or even showing it. In this "soft" case, the little film may become, in a minimal way, a work of pure cinema. Its interest lies precisely in its short duration; the time limit determines the precision, the ellipse, or the pirouette. Some of these spots may achieve the status of small masterpieces, a sort of celluloid haiku. In the best of these works (such as those created by Howard Guard, Ridley and Tony Scott, Jacques Scandelari, Lee Lacy, and Avedon), images are clear, graphic, and forceful, and often make a lasting impact on the audience.

MANY PEOPLE have been struck by the professionalism and the excellence of technique displayed by some newcomers to the cinema: by Ridley Scott in *The Duelists*, by Jean-Jacques Beineix in *Diva*, by Luis Puenzo in *The Official Story*, and so on. The explanation is simple: all these directors are children of the TV commercial, which provides a first-rate workshop of experimentation and teaches them to handle images with ease and efficiency. When these TV ad directors made the switch to feature films, they were really only half-neophytes.

A new film industry has been born around these little promotions. It is with these TV spots, moreover, that an embryo of a film industry may be conceived in Third World countries. Thus we have recently seen such technically polished works as *The City and the Dogs* by Francisco Lombardi coming from a country like Peru, which has almost no place in the history of movies. And in countries like Argentina, on the other hand—in Third World cultures with an old movie tradition—the abundant production of TV spots in times of crisis permits the film industry to survive.

It is well known that, relative to their duration, TV commercials have a much higher budget than feature films. For example, the budget for a series of TV spots that I shot for a fashion designer was $2 million. That means a million dollars per minute on the screen. And that means, in turn, all the technical resources at our fingertips for the most outlandish creative ideas. In such circumstances, absolute formal perfection can be achieved. As a result, these TV commercials may amount to rehearsals for longer, more ambitious work.

AN EXAMPLE. One of my first TV spots in France, some years ago, had a storyboard that showed two cosmonauts leaving their spaceship, coming toward each other under conditions of non-gravity, and reaching for the product being promoted. A large, black opaque board was placed in the background. Hundreds of little holes were made in it. Behind the board was a bank of photofloods, so that the holes would create the effect of bright stars in the sky. In front of the starry night were the two silver-painted plywood spaceships. The cosmonauts were suspended horizontally by invisible wires like marionettes and brought progressively nearer each other.

The scene was filmed at 48 images per second, instead of the usual 24, so that with the acquired slowness of the movements an illusion of lack of gravity, of flotation, was created. We used a single arc lamp, but without the customary yellow filter that eliminates its ultraviolet rays. (I'd read in some scientific articles that in outer space solar light contains all the ultraviolet rays that are filtered out by the Earth's atmosphere.) So the light emitted by the arc lamp had a strange bluish-purple tint, very appropriate to the scene. The finished spot had the same visual effect as photographs of real astronauts in space. If someday I have a chance to work on a science fiction movie, it will benefit from that experience.

A second example. In an ad that I photographed and directed not long ago for a brand of beer, the storyboard established that the action would take place on a great frozen lake surrounded by mountains. On the two shores, across from each other, there are two log cabins. It is night. There is a full moon. A couple skating on the frozen lake make their way from the house in the foreground to the house in the background, where some friends await them at a party. Instead of a lake as large as the one imagined by the screenwriter, a smaller, quite beautiful one (in Colorado) was found for the shot. To obtain the effect of larger dimensions, I ordered a small-scale house to be built, six feet high, on our shore. In the background, on the

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other shore, one could see the other house, which, being real, was of regular size. With the exaggerated perspective of a 17mm lens, we acquired the illusion of a greater distance, and the house in the foreground looked normal size.

Even though the filming took place at the magic hour close to nightfall (a day for night effect), we were not able to get a real pitch black sky, as the scene required. But this did not prove to be a major obstacle. The way TV commercials are produced in the United States is to transfer the negative 35mm film to video. Then the opticals, which are much easier to create in video, take place in this second stage. Not only was a black sky injected into the landscape, replacing the grayish one, but the moon and the stars were added to it. Still, perfection had not yet been achieved. The snow on the peaks of the mountains was too bright; and we believed that the center of attention should be the frozen lake and the house in the background lit by moonlight. No sweat. The brightness on the mountains was diminished by electronic means. In that way the house stood out more, with warm tone interior light in the windows and smoke in the chimney. At last, working on this commercial, I was seeing the dream of every director of photography come true: to be able to do selective grading, or timing by zones, inside the frame. Just like a painter, I was able to change and correct at will the chromatic and lighting values of nature in different parts of the picture.

A THIRD EXAMPLE—an American job, but filmed in Paris. The story was this: A middle-aged tourist comes running into a train station. He is seen in the crowd trying to get to the platform. He goes through a cloud of steam, supposedly from a locomotive, and meets his wife, who has been waiting for him. He has lost his wallet. Sense of helplessness. But no problem, he still has his credit card, and the inspector lets him know that at the next stop, at Lyons, the card will get cash.

This is how we filmed it. The central figure was followed in his dash through the crowd by my cameraman, Daniel Lerner. The camera passed through the cloud of steam following the actor. It lost him for a moment and reappeared at the other end of the curtain of haze. The shooting was going smoothly, but suddenly our French adviser, who was provided by the Gare Saint Lazare, stood indignant, as he watched the per-

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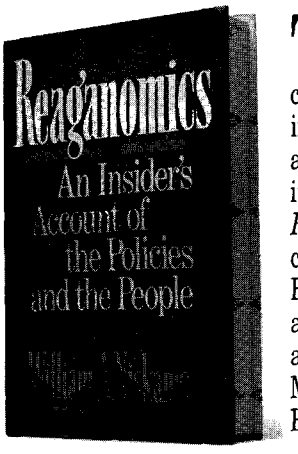

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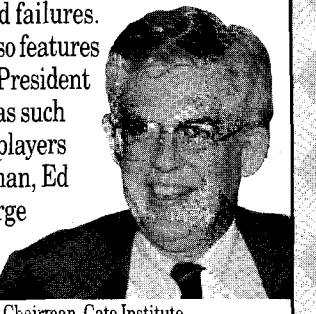

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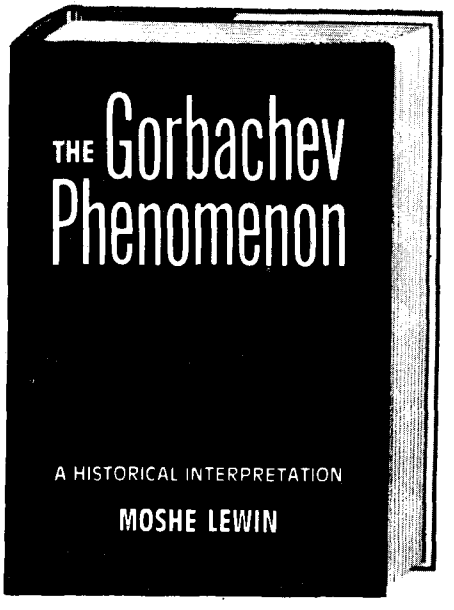

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son in charge of special effects operate the smoke machine. "Monsieur," he admonished, "in France all trains have been electric for a long time. There are no steam engines." Historically, the Frenchman was correct. But the American director reassured him that "No one will know, you wanna bet?" Culturally, the American was correct. For the director's fellow Americans, whose cinematic imaginations are formed by the old Hollywood movies, what would register, and what would seem right, would be the smoke and steam from the locomotives in a European station. This was precisely the required romantic image. We filmed it that way, the protest notwithstanding. I must add that nobody, not even the French, noticed the obvious absurdity of an electric engine giving off steam. I learned a lesson: on the screen, the style of an image is more powerful than its history or its logic. The spot was very well received; it was aired for months. I suppose it persuaded many people of the convenience of credit cards.

PERHAPS the most fascinating commercials I have worked on are Avedon's for the Calvin Klein perfume Obsession—four TV spots, with four characters, in a brief story about a girl they are all, well, obsessed with. Each sketch tells approximately the same story from a different point of view. The same setting is transformed by different lighting styles and camera angles. In turn, a young man, a child, an older man, a woman, tells about his or her passionate love in the form of a confession, speaking in a most subjective way. They were filmed at the beginning from close-up, and head on. In the background we see the other characters from afar. (For the woman's narrative, I proposed an idea picked up from a sketch of an old Duvivier film *Carnet de Bal*, from 1937. To emphasize the neurotic personality of the character, the level of the tripod was inclined at every change of shot, so that the floor seemed to be inclined, and the character unstable.) All my collaborators were exceptional artists: from the scriptwriter, Dune Arbus, to the choreographer, Twyla Tharp. And this pocket-size *Rashomon* was very well received by the critics and the public.

Recently, for a soft drink commercial, I was lucky enough to film (again with Avedon) Raquel Welch, who, to top it off, was to appear in a bathing suit. To evoke a feeling of freshness (which, of course, the product should give), we chose to create an aquatic image. As a background for Welch, a curtain made of sequin and mylar strips was set up. Some translucent plastic material placed in front of this curtain diffused the effect. The sequin curtain was lightly fanned by one of the helpers, so that when the light was reflected it gave the impression of moving water. Meanwhile the face and body of the star were moisturized by a vaporizer before each take. The lens was covered with a woman's transparent stocking. This multiplied and transfigured the sparks, erasing the contours in the impressionistic manner.

Television commercials have taught audiences to read images faster than they ever did. Among the first and best to practice speed montage with brief images at what was then considered an outrageous acceleration were Dziga Vertov and Sergei Eisenstein. So I was struck by a great irony. Here I was, on the set of an ad. Was this where the rhythmic descent of the Odessa steps in *Potemkin* had led? I reflected on the fact that the main contribution of the Russians to film art could end up in the service of this most capitalist of interests, and returned gladly to my work.

THE HARD LIFE OF THE LYRIC

The Faber Book of 20th-Century Women's Poetry edited by Fleur Adcock

(Faber and Faber, 330 pp., $15.95, $7.95 paper)

Fleur Adcock's new anthology, *The Faber Book of 20th-Century Women's Poetry*, withholds from the reader the comfort of any overt theme or ideology. In the initial paragraph of her introduction she reflects, "If I have a theory about the tradition informing [women's] poetry it is that there is no particular tradition: there have been poets, and they have been individuals, and a few of them have influenced a few others, but on the whole there is no clear thread." Her ambition, which sounds modest and proves exacting in its demands for nicety of judgment, is "to show how many good and interesting women poets have been writing in English during the course of this century."

In most cases, anthologists who present themselves as unaligned souls, free of school or program, eventually fall back on the catchall theme of diversity; they wind up seeking to show "the field's enormous vitality," or something of the sort. Pluralism of this variety is not Adcock's intention, however. As her introduction suggests, and even a cursory foray into her anthology confirms, she has omitted much of what one might expect to meet. Most conspicuously absent is anything that smacks of polemic. One encounters very little in these pages that is expressly political—and, in general, very little raw emotion, especially rage or rancor. A Wordsworthian screen, the filter of time's tranquillity, interposes itself in most of these poems. If one compares this anthology with what probably remains the best-known and best-selling collection of 20th-century women's verse, Florence Howe and Ellen Bass's *No More Masks!* (1975), one finds almost no overlap of poems and, indeed, little overlap of poets.

Other omissions make themselves felt more slowly. As with any anthology, most readers will tally up a Roster of the Missing, which in this case includes Amy Lowell, Gertrude Stein, Leonie Adams, Kathleen Raine, Sara Teasdale, Genevieve Taggard, Anne Sexton (judged "excessively derivative" and "repellantly self-indulgent"), Barbara Howes, Mona Van Duyn, Caroline Kizer. Edith Sitwell and Elizabeth Daryush are present in little but name, since each is allowed only one brief lyric.

Perhaps the single rule applicable to all poetry anthologies is that at some point they will prove quite irritating. This one is no exception. Readers will bridle at different junctures, of course. For my part, while I seconded Adcock's impatience with Sitwell and Stein, I regretted her dismissal of Howes and Daryush, and while I shared her esteem of Charlotte Mew and Louise Bogan, I thought her selections in each case unrepresentative and inopportune. And so forth. Yet even at moments of great annoyance I found myself admiring her forthright determi-

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nation to be "cruelly selective." Reassuringly, the book seems the product of a rigorous and unified sensibility. If poetry in our time is a sadly peripheral art form—one that simply does not matter as, say, film or popular music matters—by rights it should in compensation offer its practitioners a freedom for quirkiness and even intransigence not permitted to the heavily financed, necessarily compromised filmmaker or popular singer. And yet the compiling of poetry anthologies, too, increasingly seems to reflect the market survey and the committee judgment. In recent years, we have seen a slew of "diverse" collections whose chief but unspoken goal would appear to be inoffensiveness. Blandness, masquerading as catholicity, is the natural result. By welcome contrast, the honesty and conviction that emanate from Adcock's collection prove heartening.

One must commend her first for her global sweep. The anthology ranges over six countries and three continents. Here are poets from England, Ireland, Canada, America, Australia, and Adcock's native New Zealand. The book inspires the happy thought that a reader anywhere on the planet will likely locate within it some estimable pieces by unfamiliar names.

The book inspires also, implicitly and somewhat paradoxically, a second happy thought—that a collection of this sort will probably not be possible in the future. The proliferation of women's poetry in recent decades seems set to continue and probably to accelerate, gradually rendering the creation of any similarly compact but geographically expansive anthology at first implausible and finally impracticable. Adcock acknowledges the burgeoning difficulty of the anthologist's task both in her introduction, where she offers a few speculations as to why the field has grown so decisively, and in the selections themselves, where she has felt it necessary to restrict herself to poets born no later than 1945.

For all the breadth of landscape, rhetoric, style, and subject assembled here, the poems share a concern with craft. Most echo Marianne Moore's call for "certainty of touch and unhurried incision." Moore is herself one of four poets accorded an extensive selection of poems. The others are Elizabeth Bishop, Stevie Smith, and Sylvia Plath. In conformity with her skeptical views about tradition, Adcock never advances the four as any sort of linked alliance or core. She does point out the obvious ties between Bishop and her friend and mentor Moore, but makes note of their temperamental differences as well. Plath is depicted as a spirit apart, one inhabiting "the precarious border of endurance," and Smith is not "typical of anything but herself." Nonetheless, as a reflection of Adcock's taste, it is probably not coincidental that each of the four poets was a committed prosodist who experimented elaborately with rhyme. Even when praising Plath's ability to "get as close to the tones of delirium or madness as it is possible for poems to go without turning into something other than poetry," Adcock singles out her "technical ability" and "rigorously trained mind." On the whole, as is further illustrated by her selections of Adrienne Rich, Adcock seems most at home with polished, implicative poems, with attempts at submerged rather than explicit power.

Quiet though most of these poems may be, they are not lacking in surprises. I was particularly struck by the paucity of love poetry. Some years ago Kingsley Amis composed a skillful and likable piece of light verse, "Bookshop Idyll," which lampooned the male poetaster's penchant for intellectual boastfulness and the female's for amorous verse:

> Should poets bicycle pump the human heart
> Or squash it flat?
> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> Girls aren't like that.

Whatever the case with bad women poets, when one turns to Adcock's anthology one perceives that Amis has got the situation precisely wrong. Here are poems about children, about travel, about plants and animals, illness and strength, about photographs and towns and books, but almost nothing turns up that could plausibly be called a love lyric.

In the work of Moore and Bishop—the two figures whom, although she does not say so, Adcock seems to consider the best of women poets of the century—one must look very hard indeed to find any traces of desire. (As a mentor, Moore evidently held quite buttoned-up views as to where women's poetry should and should not venture on the subject of passion; when Bishop wrote "Insomnia," that heartbreaking lament of unrequited love, she was lightly rebuked for composing a "popular song.") Certainly, there is no one in this anthology who might serve as a modern counterpart to the Elizabeth Barrett Browning of "How Do I Love Thee? . . ." To be sure, the love poem has had a rough ride in our century—and yet, in their varying ways, Yeats, Auden, and Roethke all composed splendid love poetry, as did, probably foremost among them, Robert Graves, whose *Poems about Love* runs nearly 200 pages. It seems an interesting incongruity, and perhaps a revealing one, that the wide and marvelous body of women's poetry in our century may have failed to excel precisely where stereotype would have supposed it to flourish.

WHETHER OR NOT the poem of subtlety and restraint, as featured throughout this collection and epitomized in Moore and Bishop, represents *the* significant tradition in 20th-century women's poetry, it certainly represents *a* significant tradition—and one that, to my mind, has been consistently scanted.

ONE WINTER NIGHT

I showed up at a party of Hollywood stars
Who milled about, quoted their memoirs, and drank.
The prettiest one stepped out of her dress, fell
To her knees and said that only her husband had glimpsed
The shadowy flower of her pudendum, and he was a prince.
A slip of sunlight rode the swell of her breasts
Into the blinding links of her necklace, and crashed.
Out on the lawn, The Platters were singing TWILIGHT TIME.
"Heavenly shades of night are falling . . . " This was a dream.

Later, I went to the window and gazed at a bull, huge and pink,
In a field of snow. Moonlight poured down his back, and the damp
Of his breath spread until he was wreathed in a silver steam.
When he lifted his head, he loosed a bellow that broke and rolled
Like thunder in the rooms below. This, too, was a dream.

MARK STRAND

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When one realizes that brief poems as lovely as Mew's "Sea Love" or Howes's "On a Bougainvillaea Vine in Haiti" or Bogan's "Musician" are little known, even among those interested in 20th-century poetry, one feels alarmed about the literary age we live in. This failure of acclaim would appear to stem from an undervaluation of those compactions of perception and insight that fall under the general heading of the lyric poem. We ask our verse to philosophize, to protest, to reflect our confusion and despair, but rarely to sing.

Adcock's anthology simultaneously reminds one of how many of the best lyric poems of the century have been written by women and leaves one wondering whether the lyric in our time has been slighted partly because it is associated with women or whether, conversely, the value of women's verse has been slighted partly because it has so often excelled lyrically. If the former is the case, the power of feminist reappraisal, with its moral impulse to exhume the unjustly neglected, should take us far toward rectification. One certainly notes with encouragement the recent surge of interest in poets like Genevieve Taggard and Elinor Wylie, and the publication of books like William Drake's *The First Wave*, a study of American women poets from 1915 to 1945, and Elizabeth Frank's biography of Bogan and Penelope Fitzgerald's of Mew. But cheering as such signs are, I suspect that our problem with the lyric extends finally beyond all issues of gender.

I SEE at least three other substantial reasons for the lyric's depreciation, the first of which is embedded so deeply in our heritage as to be almost unisolable. A predisposition toward literary largeness would seem to be nurtured in us almost from the start—if not with our mother's milk, then at least with our mother tongue. One notes, for example, how the word "minor"—though ostensibly a disinterested term of measurement—comes to color our attitude toward short poems. Over time, one may grow accustomed to its usage, and perhaps oblivious of the way in which it insinuates a system of aesthetic priorities; but I can remember as an undergraduate my feeling of indignant surprise on discovering that "On the Late Massacre at Piedmont" was grouped in my Milton textbook under "Minor Poems"—and no doubt something of that naive indignation is worth preserving. The undergraduate knows what the professor would forget—that "minor" can never be purged of its suggestions of mediocrity and insignificance.

One notes too how the millennium-long tradition of English-language verse has failed to evolve any important "serious" literary form shorter than the sonnet. Briefer forms—the clerihew, the triolet, the limerick, the couplet—belong almost exclusively to the domain of light verse. Even when a formal poet sets out to be ferociously terse, he or she has generally felt entitled to 140 syllables—the sonnet's 14 lines of iambic pentameter. When one considers the Japanese haiku—a serious literary form of 17 syllables—we in the West begin to look like incorrigible windbags. The contrast becomes yet more pointed when one observes that the haiku evolved out of the 31-syllable tanka. Slight as the latter is by Western standards, in Japan it eventually proved excessively roomy for the encapsulation of some of the culture's most treasured images and perceptions.

One might have expected the sonnet to undergo a similar streamlining—specifically, for the octave and sestet of its bipartite structure, which from the outset have been trained to contend with each other, to suffer a decoupling. But while the

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power of a poem like Auden's "Epitaph on a Tyrant" may partly reside in the way its six lines evoke the ghost of a missing octave, this bifurcation never took place in any convention-forging manner; over the centuries, the sonnet has retained its place as our smallest standard lyric. Given, then, the chunky substantiality of even our tersest of forms, one cannot be surprised that so many English poets have turned to monumentalism (one thinks of Spenser and *The Faerie Queen*, Milton's epics, Wordsworth's *Prelude*, Robert Browning's *Ring and the Book*, Elizabeth Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, Hardy's *Dynasts*) as a culmination of their talents.

In our country, this inbuilt, prosodic push toward grandeur has doubtless been boosted by native affinities for the outsize. Largeness may not be all in American literary life, but it is much. The premium we place on longer poems seems akin to that which we accord the novel over the short story. Our society continues to regard the short story as apprentice work toward the novel—toward, ideally, the Great American Novel, which will be, of necessity, gargantuan.

BUT IF the lyric poem faces problems connected with gender, with the English literary tradition, and with homegrown American appetites, a still greater obstacle to its appreciation may reside in our universities. Academe is probably not to be blamed for the fact that, by and large, poetry in our time scarcely exists outside its walls; but questions of blame aside, the result is not happy. Anyone who has published a book of verse in recent years senses all too painfully that its readers will be either other poets or teachers of poetry. Actually, since most of our successful poets teach poetry writing for a living, the two groups so conflate as nearly to become one. The college campus is where the vitality of the contemporary scene concentrates—and is likely to be where, as subsidized university presses increasingly take over the less-than-lucrative business of poetry publishing, the books themselves are not only conceived but born. The campus has, of course, its own ways of doing things, its own methods and priorities. And given the central, unchallenged role that the campus plays in the life of American poetry, *its* methods and priorities become *our* methods and priorities. Hence we have entered an age when poetry is not so much read as "done"—as in "We'll do three weeks of Yeats and three of Eliot, and then we'll be doing two weeks each of Williams, Moore, and Stevens."

Unfortunately, what succeeds best in a classroom correlates only loosely with what proves most meritorious on the page. Operating according to its own exigencies and internal dynamics, the poetry classroom shapes along predictable lines each of the wayward and massive bodies of material that it would embrace. In its admirably intentioned but necessarily distortional drive for pattern and coherence, it smooths out vagaries in order to forge workable traditions and heightens the often gratuitous and unfortunate distinction between major figures (those who "must" be covered during the semester) and minor ones (those who can safely be skipped). It favors the polemicist over the man or woman who "only" wrote poems, prefers the member of a school to the misfit who played hooky, and promotes the scandalous over the industriously humdrum and selects the clangorous (whose din might rouse a somnolent classroom) over the fine tuned.

A colleague of mine, one of the finest teachers and readers of poetry I know, recently confessed to me that perhaps the most dispiriting class he'd ever taught took place when he decided to devote the hour entirely to a few short lyrics of Herrick. Here were poems of winsome delicacy, poise, concision, wit, and they proved brutally intractable as instruments for discussion. Transparency was their great charm—a virtue, it turned out, in little need of any pedagogue's "throwing light" upon it. (The same proves true when doctoral candidates are digging around for a thesis topic; a process of natural selection, or natural direction, steers them away from the inhospitably pellucid, and ultimately skews the curricula they will shape.)

HOW MUCH easier, in the main, to discuss larger and more complex verses. The poem that comes laden with allusions, obscurities, variants, revisions, biographical references, even private jokes, supplies the teacher with all sorts of angles by which a poem might be approached. (And surely there is something disturbing in the frequency with which teachers speak of "approaching" poems—as though, armed with thick rubber gloves, one were about to come within striking distance of an adder.) Rather than reading poems in the classroom, how much easier it likewise is to "do" poets—to fill those yawning, bell-bordered hours with speculation about influence, with confessions drawn from poets' correspondence, with literary gossip, and, if worse comes to worse, with "the development of ideas."

At bottom, the lyric proves so resistant to classroom adaptation because its ideas and themes are likely to be utterly conventional—even hackneyed. What profitably can be said about the ideas underlying a poem like A. E. Housman's "Loveliest of Trees . . ."? That beauty is fleeting? That death comes to us all? Well, one might at least point out that it is imperishable, and that it provides unexampled evidence that the beauty of lyric usually resides not in its ideas but in its music. Yet as anyone who has ever taught or attended a class in poetry knows, the subject of poetic music—which inevitably must usher in the recondite, cumbersome, and imprecise nomenclature of prosody—proves so forbidding that it is often best avoided. To talk about music—any sort of music—is torturously difficult, and not least because a sensitive speaker must continually shudder at the seeming superfluity of his or her own droning, unsingable commentary. No wonder, then, that poetry teachers (like, I'm afraid, rock critics) turn with such relieved celerity from the music to the message.

THE IMBALANCED view of poetry that the classroom naturally fosters would not in itself be so pernicious if our society could muster in reply some potent countervailing trend. We would have little to worry about if, for example, we boasted a sizable, thriving, and independent body of poetry lovers. But in a country where poetry is neglected and where a young person's first intense encounter with it likely will take place (if it takes place at all) in an undergraduate survey course, our governing aesthetic must grow misshapen. Anyone who has served in a college English department knows the discouraging sight of bright minds coming to verse haltingly, as to a foreign language, and fleeing from it (all too often with the connivance of their teachers) into criticism and theory, into comfortingly sophisticated terminology, which promises to render manageable a mode of discourse that—in its queer, eerily airy musical arrangements on the page—continues to discomfit them.

If, as seems likely, the gathering interest in women's literature will lead us to a fuller appreciation of poems like Bogan's "The Crows" or Mew's "The Farmer's Bride" or Bishop's "First Death in Nova

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Scotia" (all of which are to be found in Adcock's anthology), ours will be a much enriched literary culture. In its 12 lines, "The Crows" not only speaks poignantly about ardor and decrepitude but also embodies a little prosodic tour de force:

> The woman who has grown old
> And knows desire must die,
> Yet turns to love again,
> Hears the crows' cry.
>
> She is a stem long hardened,
> A weed that no scythe mows.
> The heart's laughter will be to her
> The crying of the crows,
>
> Who slide in the air with the same voice
> Over what yields not, and what yields,
> Alike in spring, and when there is only bitter
> Winter-burning in the fields.

The first half of the middle quatrain is, in both its subject and its dense iambic trimeter, as earthbound as could be; then the poem takes off—with the crows, with the "heart's laughter"—and those three-beat lines begin to fly on the wings of an ampler cadence.

One takes heart at the notion that Adcock's anthology may bring such poems a wider audience, but one can't help hoping that the propulsions of feminist thought might in time help lead us to a more complete, a wholesale, change in the way we view verse. Ours will not be a robust literary world until our esteem for complex ideas in poetry is matched by a sensitivity to the harmonics of line and stanza; until our appreciation of what is panoramic in no way diminishes our delight in what is minute and precision-tooled; until our loyalty goes out first to the poem and then to the poet. With its call for a fundamental rethinking, and its sympathy for what has been blithely shunted aside, the feminist critical impulse would appear ideally suited to a better proportioned and more inclusive view of artistic durability, male as well as female—one alive to what Hopkins called "the dearest freshness deep down things" and one in which short lyrics like, say, John Berryman's "A Sympathy, a Welcome" or Wilfred Owen's "Futility" or Malcolm Lowry's "Without the Nighted Wyvern" or John Crowe Ransom's "Lady Lost" or Ted Walker's "By the Saltings" might be recognized for the little, immense, fair-spoken miracles that they are.

BRAD LEITHAUSER

Brad Leithauser's second novel, *Hence*, will be published next year by Knopf.

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1969

1999: Victory Without War by Richard Nixon

(Simon and Schuster, 336 pp., $19.95)

Richard Nixon's book raises two different questions. What does he contribute to the growing debate about what America's foreign policy ought to be in the Gorbachev and post-Reagan era? What explains the hullabaloo that has greeted his book and led to the quasi-rehabilitation of a disgraced ex-president?

The policy that Nixon advocates is doubly familiar. He has already outlined it in his previous books. Above all, he has practiced it in office: *1999* is an exercise in pungent nostalgia disguised as a prescription for the future. Nixon acknowledges the forcefulness and the originality of Mikhail Gorbachev, the plight of a Soviet Union whose economy is not strong enough to support adequately a huge military machine and that doesn't have a single ally among the major powers. All that notwithstanding, Nixon's characteristic obsession with the Soviet-American contest dominates the book.

Nobody, of course, seriously suggests that the Soviet-American competition will end; the interests and the ideologies of the two great powers remain sharply in conflict. But the centrality of this contest in a far more complex world, in which both superpowers face serious, if different, internal and external problems, and often appear like blundering dinosaurs, can legitimately be questioned. So can the determination of a crippled Soviet Union to expand aggressively while also pursuing drastic domestic reform against formidable odds. But Nixon writes as if he lives still in the world of his first term. He gives us a recipe for "victory without war," to be won during the 20 years that will be needed by Gorbachev to restore Soviet power.

To be sure, Nixon, in defending negotiations with the Soviet Union (along with deterrence and competition), is sharply critical of those he calls "superhawks." But cold warriors come in two shapes: bulls, who charge, and foxes, who are more subtle. Nixon is foxy. But he shares the bulls' view of Moscow. Above all, he reserves his nastiest barbs for "those who believe that through negotiations and agreements the United States and the Soviet Union can overcome their mutual misunderstanding and suspicion and bring about peace"; for "political science professors at elite universities" and other "negativists" who think that the United States is in decline; for the "American leadership class," whose failure would be responsible for an eventual victory of Moscow in the American-Soviet rivalry. "The upper crust of America in terms of education, money, and power has lost its sense of direction in the world."

All this, again, is familiar. It is the old Nixon. So is his way of seeing Moscow's decisive hand in every trouble spot. "The Soviet Union is an inherently aggressive power because its totalitarian system cannot survive without expanding": Richard Pipes and Richard Perle could not put it better. Nixon is apocalyptic about the Soviet threat in Central America, and in Southeast Asia, and (embodied by the ANC) in South Africa, and (via Afghanistan—this section of the book makes for strange reading, given its sudden obsolescence) in the oil-rich regions of the Persian Gulf. Any Communist regime allied to Moscow, moreover, is expansionist, even the Sandinista regime, besieged and saddled as it is with a ruined economy. Nixon writes about the presence of "over 100 [Warsaw Pact] divisions primed and ready to roll West." He argues that the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was the result of the loss of America's nuclear superiority: a very weird argument indeed, since our nuclear superiority did not prevent the Soviets from invading Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968. But then Nixon revives, of course, the myth of our "betrayal" of Eastern Europe at Yalta, as well as the myth according to which American strategy (before Nixon) was based on "the doctrine of mutual assured destruction." But MAD never dictated America's targeting strategy or its choice of weapons. MAD is, rather, a fact of nuclear life.

Nixon doesn't seem to mind what could be called, politely, inaccuracies. He tells us that Gorbachev endorsed the Brezhnev doctrine, whereas the Soviet leader repudiated it during his visit to Yugoslavia this year. He tells us that the invasion of Afghanistan was "a bold but well-studied gambit" by a "master chess player," although it has become clear that it was no such thing. He tells us, once more, of the Soviet effort in 1970 "through Syria, to topple King Hussein of Jordan," even though we know that the Soviets did not push the Syrians. In his summons to resist even the apparently smallest of Soviet challenges ("we cannot afford to sit idly by while the Soviet Union rallies up a string of small victories"), he enlists the counterexample of Neville Chamberlain and then proceeds to misquote him, despite a battalion of researchers whom he thanks for their efforts. (Chamberlain didn't call Czechoslovakia "a far away land populated by a people with whom we have nothing in common"; he talked of "a quarrel in a far away country between people of whom we know nothing." Bad enough, but a bit less so!)

After all this, when we come, on page 295, to the statement, "If the people of the Third World think we are interested only in winning the Cold War with the Soviet Union we will lose the war for their hearts and minds," we can only interpret it to mean that winning the "war" for these people, against a relentless adversary, must remain, after all, our dominant concern.

What Nixon's book provides, then, is a set of winning recipes that will startle nobody. Some make a great deal of sense; his chapter on negotiating with the Soviets is shrewd, and his idea of yearly summits is sound. His argument that what matters in nuclear arms control is not the size of reductions, but the ratio of warheads to targets, is correct. His criticism of the absurdity of Reagan's version of SDI—a "space shield" that could only be a "space sieve"—is, well, right on target. His chapters on Japan, which he does not want to drive into rearmament (at least in the short run), and on China are balanced and wise, although he may exaggerate the success of Deng's reforms.

Next to all this, however, we find far less acceptable or realistic notions. His defense of covert operations, his attack on the foreign affairs bureaucracies (with their "curator's mentality" that treats current policy as "a museum piece to be preserved at all costs"), his rejection of the War Powers Act, are exactly what one expects from Nixon. (Some-

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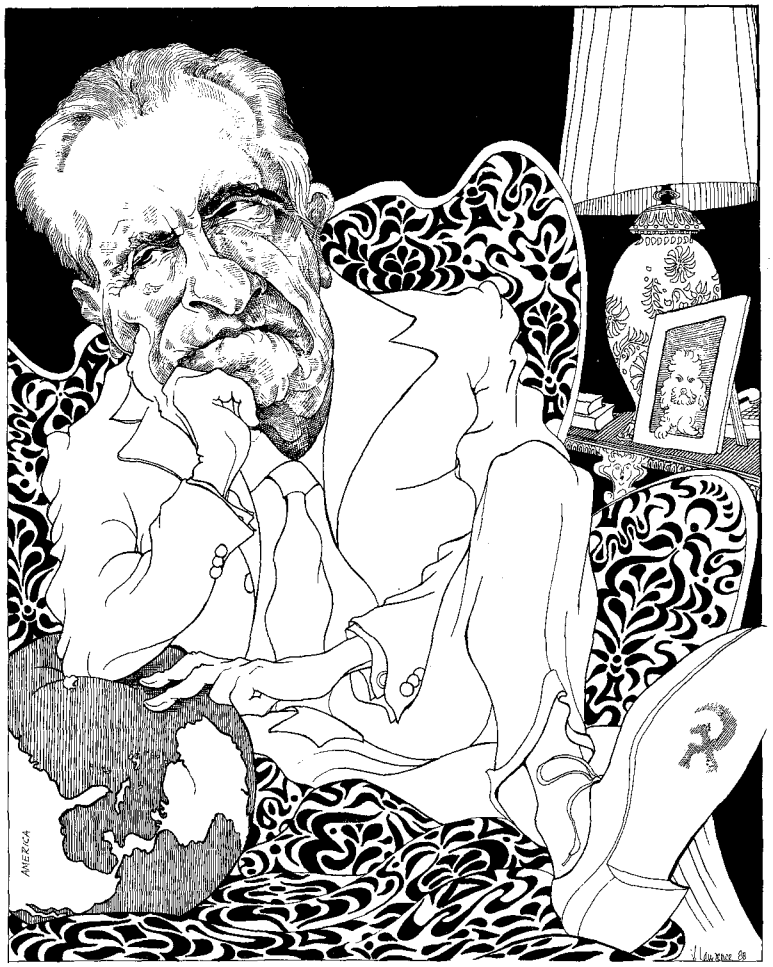
one, incidentally, ought to have told him that political science professors a long time ago stopped "warbling with approval" about Woodrow Wilson's utopia of open covenants openly arrived at.) His list of conditions for supporting authoritarian governments against Communist insurgencies sounds stringent, but doesn't ever address the problem that it isn't just army brutalities (which he wants to curb), but also political repression and social corruption that feed rebellions.

Needless to say, Nixon pleads for full support to the *contras*, because he sees Nicaragua as a "critical interest," in the sense that "losing" it to the Sandinistas could destabilize the rest of Central America, and also Mexico, a vital interest. He doesn't distinguish, any more than does Reagan, between tolerating a Marxist regime, on the one hand, and blocking the forcible export of revolution, or preventing the establishment of Soviet bases, on the other. His call for "a new version of the Monroe Doctrine" won't exactly win the hearts and minds of Latin Americans.

Given Nixon's fear of communism in South Africa, his proposal—diplomatic pressure for reform and "economic incentives" instead of sanctions—is logical, yet guaranteed to fail. A discussion of Angola that never mentions South African intervention is hardly serious. In his chapter on deterrence, he proposes to "build up our offensive strategic forces, especially our land-based missiles," and to protect those with limited defenses: a formula for a new arms race, which also contradicts his own argument against allowing either superpower to have a credible first-strike capability. His call to Western Europeans to increase their conventional forces and to allow NATO greater responsibilities outside Europe goes against (respectively) current and lasting trends, and is unlikely to be heeded. Indeed, his very negative view of the INF treaty, which sees it as opening a gap in nuclear deterrence by removing American land-based cruise and ballistic missiles from Europe, ignores the fact that deterrence worked even before these missiles began to be deployed in 1983. His recommendations about a Western European defense entity, and about the resolution of the Palestinian issue, are exceedingly vague. And while he has, again, sensible things to say about the future of Eastern Europe (only East-West contacts and détente can prepare its "Finlandization"), he does not examine the internal factors of turmoil there; his idea that the United States can somehow promote greater political and ethnic decentralization in the Soviet Union is, to put it mildly, optimistic.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

One would have expected a former president of the United States to connect his policy proposals to the main trends in world affairs (other than the cold war), and to what is happening within and to the United States. But there is almost none of that here. Nothing, for example, about the most likely form the Soviet challenge will take. For it will not be a series of tests, probes, thrusts of an aggressive and subversive nature, but a sophisticated struggle for influence, using such American ideas as respect for independence, the growth of interdependence, international cooperation, or such appealing notions as common security, military (or even defensive) sufficiency, and arms reductions.

And nothing about the difficult problems of international economic and monetary coordination, made necessary by the integration of the world economy yet hampered by the clash of national preferences and habits. Nixon's distaste for international institutions and processes (including multilateral aid programs) creates a blind spot. And nothing about the way in which America's two deficits, huge debt, low rate of savings, deficiencies in education, insufficient or insufficiently productive investments may affect the political clout and the military posture of the United States around the world.

A few paragraphs about technology and space research, campaign rhetoric about the "need to realign our philosophical bearings," and a general contempt for negativists are no substitute for a discussion of the psychological and the material costs of Nixon's program, and for a serious examination of the arguments presented by such alarmists as Paul Kennedy, Robert Gilpin, David Calleo—or Peter Peterson, formerly of Nixon's Cabinet. Their case can be criticized, perhaps even refuted, but it can't be ignored and shouldn't be dismissed. Nixon's book shares with the report of the Commission on Integrated Long-term Strategy, called "Discriminate Deterrence," a bias—an almost indiscriminate paranoia about the Soviet Union—and the absence of a political and financial price tag. "A new America [leading] the way to a new dawn for all those who cherish freedom in the world"—this is a bloated vision that one

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has trouble associating with the trickster and bungler of Watergate.

What, then, explains the eagerness of the media to publicize this book and its author, the quasi-reverence with which they have been treated, as if Nixon had changed his thoughts, as if his policy proposals amounted to anything original? It may be that Nixon's diplomacy looks better after the floundering Ford administration (compassionately but devastatingly described in William Hyland's *Mortal Rivals*), after the shipwreck of Jimmy Carter, after the endless contradictions and amateurishness of the Reagan administration. There *was* a coherence to the Nixon and Kissinger strategy that remains impressive. But it wasn't simply the fault of Congress—and of the Russians—if détente didn't work; nor was it the fault of the military or the bureaucrats if the grand design didn't always succeed in a world that the cold war grid no longer fits so well, and that is no longer willing to accept the degree of American hegemony entailed by that ingenious attempt to give American citizenship to Bismarck.

Have the new admirers of Nixon forgotten that the path that led to the Iran-*contra* vaudeville began with Watergate, the secret plans to overthrow Allende, the secret bombing and invasion of Cambodia, the creation of a National Security Council apparatus that was not merely a powerful center of coordination but a nest of secret back channels and a source of well-concealed operations? There is something sad about the fact that pleas for Soviet-American negotiations and for a "hard-headed détente" are taken seriously only if they come from Nixon's part of the political spectrum, and that the commonsensical fragments of his new-old design blind commentators to the silly, shrill, and obsolete ones.

Maybe, in the final analysis, the success of Nixon's salesmanship is simply caused by the fact that the deafening silence of most of the presidential candidates on foreign policy—except for often disgraceful bits and pieces, and for Jesse Jackson's imprecise foreign policy radicalism—makes any attempt at offering a coherent scheme look good, however shopworn it may be. But just as there is something secondhand in American fascination with British royalty, there is something pathetic about our apparent need for elder statesmen, however tarnished.

STANLEY HOFFMANN

Stanley Hoffmann is Douglas Dillon Professor of the Civilization of France and chairman of the Center for European Studies at Harvard University.

YOUTH IN ASIA

Video Night in Kathmandu and Other Reports from the Not-So-Far East by Pico Iyer

(Knopf, 376 pp., $19.95)

Western books about Asia usually boil down to "never the twain shall meet." This is the right emphasis: Asian culture is different from Western, and the more you see of it the more different it seems. The most famous exception to the prevailing pattern is Ezra Vogel's *Japan As Number One*. Whether or not this was Vogel's intention, the book was generally seen in America as a proposal that we compete with the Japanese by being more like them. "Let's get started!" an American friend in Tokyo said to me a few weeks ago. "First we rig politics so that one party is always in power and big-city votes basically don't count. Then we double the cost of everything but hold incomes the same. Then we close the borders and start celebrating racial purity. Then we reduce the number of jobs for women by 70 or 80 percent. Then we set up a school system that teaches people not to ask questions. After a while we can have a trade surplus too!"

Pico Iyer's book belongs to the mainstream, East-is-East tradition. At the end of the book, he concludes that "Madonna and Rambo might rule the streets, and hearts might be occupied with secondhand dreams of Cadillacs and Californians; but every Asian culture I had visited seemed, in its way, too deep, too canny, or too self-possessed to be turned by passing trade winds from the West." The main twist in this book is that, Iyer says, he started out expecting the opposite: "I had thought, when I first visited the Orient, that I would find myself witnessing the West in conquest of the East, armies of its invaders bearing their cultural artifacts across the barren plains of Asia." When he made his first trip, in 1985, Rambo movies were box-office smashes from Burma to Beijing. With pop music, movies, hamburgers, and T-shirts spreading American-seeming culture everywhere, how different, really, could these societies remain? "The video revolution was bringing home the power of the Pax Americana home [sic] with greater allure and immediacy than even the most cunning propaganda. . . . Everywhere, in fact, dreams of pleasure and profit were stamped 'Made in America.' "

Iyer presents his discovery—that the American/Western influence on Asia is broad but extremely thin—in loosely connected, country-by-country chapters about his travels through most of East Asia plus Nepal, Tibet, and India. The chapters have very different tones, points of view, and themes. Some of them are delightful. My favorite is "Hollywood in the Fifties," about the Hindi-language film industry in India, which turns out works of such stupefying, gaudy vulgarity that they're just about impossible to describe to people who haven't seen them—it would be like trying to make Immanuel Kant envision a Jerry Lewis telethon. The book also includes a very funny chapter about the rigors of travel in China and an effective satire on the anachronistic Western hippies who've washed up in Tibet. Most of the chapters end up making sensible points: that the Philippines (unlike the other Asian countries) *is* in terrible thrall to American culture, that Thailand looks like the happiest of the Asian societies, that Japan has Westernized itself about one-thousandth as much as it initially appears.

I feel slightly guilty for what I'm about to say, because the best parts of Iyer's book are very good. The India and China chapters alone are worth the price. But the worst parts are, I think, very bad, and they illustrate several habits that Iyer should try to change before he writes another book. Iyer, who is in his early 30s, gives us a few details about his life—

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Indian background, raised mainly in England, spent his late 20s as a writer for *Time*, made the Asian trips on which the book is based. But in most chapters he finds a way to remind us that he is an Eton-and-Oxford man. And this provides the key to what's wrong with his tone.

Iyer is apparently a nice person; he seems to have struck up real friendships everywhere he went. But in print he has the distinctive sound of the English public-school boy who has been told for years that he's "clever" and "quick." This background gives people great confidence about their opinions; its model is the smarty-pants Oxford Union debater. But it often gives them too much confidence and lets them talk on with great assurance (in the Junior Common Room, in the pages of English weeklies, at the London clubs) even when they don't really know enough to justify sounding this way. After all, they subconsciously feel, cleverness, panache, and presence should carry the day.

IYER HAS a good eye, but he is not very well informed. Unfortunately, he doesn't know that, and so he confidently dishes out judgments that are sometimes embarrassing or wrong. The best chapters are those in which he just describes what he sees, which he can do very well. The worst are those in which he tries to work up a Larger Meaning. One symptom of this problem is Iyer's weird, self-satisfied complacency about how to find things out. He tells us happily that in Beijing "I just let myself wander" or that he "decided one day" to pick up this or that book. (There is generally a precious tone when Iyer is speaking about himself: on his return to New York, he tells us with no apparent self-mockery, "I read deeply in the Zen poets by the light of a single candle.") Of course the wandering-around approach is sometimes the right one, but the people who use it best are often holed up in their hotel rooms when they're not wandering, feverishly reading books that will explain the things they've happened to see. Iyer seems to have no such burning passion to find out everything he can.

For example, Iyer's chapter about Japan focuses on its peculiar brand of baseball, with side comments about pop culture in general. As it happens, two brilliant, funny, fairly recent, and widely known (in Japan) books bear on precisely these themes. One is *The Chrysanthemum and the Bat* by Robert Whiting; the other is *Behind the Mask* by Ian Buruma. Iyer has apparently heard of the books but seems not to have bothered to read them, which is especially strange since he says he interviewed Whiting in Tokyo.

OBVIOUSLY there would be no reason to complain about Iyer's level of effort if somehow he'd found out the things he should know. That's the problem: he hasn't. When he expresses judgments, he is wrong on many small points, and unreliable on large ones. To give one example of the small things: Iyer evokes the spookiness of Indonesia, which is probably its most important trait, by pointing out that it is "the only country I knew of whose national airline gave no indication of its homeland." In fact, the airline is named Garuda Indonesia; the name is written in huge letters on each of its planes and is a lot more informative than the names of Qantas, Sabena, Lufthansa, and Aeroflot.

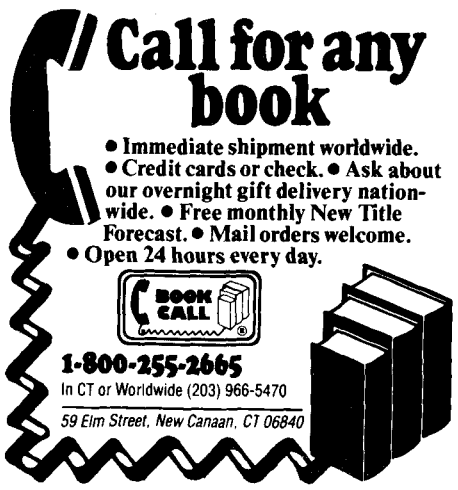
The unreliability—thoughtlessness, really—shows up in Iyer's more sweeping assertions. The Asian economies are on the rise: "Using American principles of free enterprise, they had begun to eclipse the Americans themselves." True, these countries aren't communist, but "American principles of free enterprise" is about the least perceptive way to describe what MITI, the Korean government planners, and the Taiwanese family-based enterprises have done. Iyer summarizes recent Cambodian history in one sentence, saying that this poor country, "once so gentle a land . . . fell into the sights of Washington and is now just a land of corpses." This must have sounded elegant and knowing as it was written, but it looks sophomoric on the page. After pointing out all the oddities of Japanese baseball, Iyer concludes his chapter on Japan with these words:

> Yet who but a churl would argue with success?
>
> In 1985, for the first time ever, not a single American team qualified for the final of baseball's Little League World Series, and for the 15th time in 18 years, the competition was won by a team from Asia.
>
> And at the Los Angeles Olympics in 1984 . . . the Japanese decisively trounced the Americans at the American national sport, by a score of 6-3.

Clearly this is supposed to mean something—the decline of the West, probably. But either Iyer doesn't know or he doesn't reveal two facts that blow the bottom out of this portentous-sounding conclusion. First, the "Asian" teams that have dominated the Little League World Series have been from Taiwan and Korea, not Japan. (The last time a Japanese team won was in 1976.) Second, the Japanese victory at the Olympics was a fluke. Visiting teams of American big-leaguers routinely pummel the Japanese in postseason tours. Whiting's book has a hilarious chapter on Japan's perpetual heartbreak in these showdowns. At least for now, American pro baseball is much, much better than Japanese. So what's the point? If only a churl would argue with success, are we supposed to celebrate Taiwan? Scorn Japan? Be proud of our own Big Leagues?

I don't think Iyer is trying to deceive us, or even that he has an underlying point. He is "just writing." When someone asks him what his job is, Iyer replies, "I write"—and that is exactly what he does. This is writing rather than thinking. Again, that may sound harsh; but the book is dotted with sentences that anyone would have crossed out after thinking about them for even a minute. Iyer quotes, with complete approval, this description of Tibet written 40 years ago: "There can be few persons of sensibility whose heart is not with the Tibetans in their effort to remain the last outpost of any racial individualism on the face of the earth." The "last outpost"? What about Japan, with its devotion to racial purity? Should our hearts also have gone out to the Indonesians when they tried to become an outpost of "racial individualism" by killing off their Chinese minority in 1965? Would Iyer have looked so fondly on the "last outpost" thinking behind Australia's previous whites-only immigration policy (immortalized in the phrase "Two Wongs don't make a white")? Maybe Tibet is different, but Iyer never stopped to think that he had to provide a reason for the difference.

Similarly, for 25 pages Iyer casts a lov-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ing eye on quirky, anti-modern Burma, with many funny passages about the nightmare of tourism there. It was, he says admiringly, "one of the only countries I had ever seen that was not goose-stepping (to the sound of the Bee Gees) toward a brave new world of videos and burgers, but was content to mind its own business and go its own way." Then on the very last page, he suddenly tells us that this paradise is actually hell. A Burmese man gives him a letter to sneak out, in hopes of outside intervention that would "free him from the slow and terrible death of his motherland." With these words, the chapter ends. But this seems not like a deliberately thought out shift in theme, but like something tacked on for its weighty effect, even though it contradicts everything he's said before.

If the root of Iyer's problems is not Eton and Oxford, maybe it's *Time*. It's a fine magazine, and Iyer says he's thankful for all the time off he was given for his Asian travels. But the underlying message of this book is that Iyer should quit. What's bad in his writing is made worse by the newsmagazine style. That includes the forced, jazzy cutesyness of language ("Already, [Hong Kong] boasted numbers as showy as the test scores of a teenage science whiz") and the strong temptation to wrap up ideas with a clever-sounding twist (as in the Burma and Japan chapters) rather than really to deal with them. There is good writing in newsmagazines, but usually it's by people who learned to write, and to deal with ideas, somewhere else. Iyer should swallow his gratitude and move on.

JAMES FALLOWS

James Fallows has reported from Asia for the *Atlantic* for the last two years.

THE SHOCK OF THE OLD

Children of the Arbat
by Anatoli Rybakov
translated by Harold Shukman

(Little, Brown, 685 pp., $19.95)

The novel, as we are often told today, is a trick in which the reader is invited to cooperate. The more talented and original the trickster, the more the reader believes what he is told. He becomes, in fact, a novel reader, which is a status different from that of his ordinary self. As novel reader, he has no trouble entering the world of Scott's *Waverley*, Austen's *Emma*, Dickens's *Great Expectations*, and accepting everything he finds there. He acquires another world to experience besides the one he lives in, and the two can interrelate. This has been the case in the European novel ever since *Robinson Crusoe*.

The Russian novel, effectively since the 19th century, has always been rather different. Its hero, as Tolstoy said, is Truth. And Tolstoy maintained that the novel, as written in the West, was not really understood in Russia at all. In Russia, the reader was not required to cooperate in the creation of a new world, in a new sort of trick. And there is something in this. The Russian "novel" was always closely and conscientiously involved in what society was doing or thinking. Ironically, it was just this expectation of "the truth" that made censorship seem necessary to the authorities, whether czarist or Soviet. So the novel for Russians has always tended to belong to the "Now it can be told" category of literature. Hence its authority and its popularity.

Still, from a Western point of view there are distinct disadvantages. A work that will seem fascinatingly bold and true to a Soviet audience may seem merely rather tame and plodding to a Western one, conspicuously lacking in any element of the "novel." This might seem to be the case with Anatoli Rybakov's *Children of the Arbat*. It follows the reliable old method of assembling a group of young people—who live in the Arbat, a sort of Moscow SoHo or Greenwich Village—and telling the story of their lives and fates in the year 1934, just before the big purges got under way. The hero, Sasha, is more or less the author himself. Rybakov was exiled to Siberia as an engineering student and later rehabilitated to become a tank commander in World War II. Now he is a successful Soviet author, living in the writers' colony outside Moscow, with several novels to his credit, one of which, *Heavy Hands*, has already been translated into English by Harold Shukman. With *Children of the Arbat*, Shukman has done an excellent job, bringing out the fundamentally conservative nature of Rybakov's style and outlook.

Rybakov is very much a traditional Russian writer, with no tricks about him. This novel was written 20 years ago and presumably kept on the shelf in the hope of publishing it in the more permissive times that have now, we hope, arrived. Great times for the "Now it can be told" bandwagon. Many shrewd novelists besides Rybakov must now be dusting off the manuscripts they once stored away. Yet there are serious drawbacks to this sort of resurrection. Truth is not only relative in art, as in most things, but it depends on the shock of the new, of immediate authenticity. That is part of the novelist's accomplishment in making us accept the world he creates. Thus the sheer absence of novelty about Rybakov's novel does much to undermine its authenticity, despite its candor and its validity, its 19th-century air of moral seriousness. The book's Western publishers claim, rather desperately, that it "is destined to become a classic." But destiny in this field is not a very reassuring concept, maybe meaning no more than a return to honored obscurity on the top shelves of public libraries.

Certainly Rybakov's novel lacks the impact of style and personality that hit the reader of Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* and Solzhenitsyn's *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. There may be another, less candid reason for that lack of impact. Although Rybakov, like Solzhenitsyn, tells the story of an innocent man in the grip of an inhuman system, he softens the blow, as it were, in unobtrusive ways. His Sasha is not condemned to a Gulag, but to open exile in Siberia. The Great Purge is just about to begin when the novel ends. It closes, in fact, with the assassination of Sergei Kirov, the popular Party boss of Leningrad, who was murdered on Stalin's orders as a pretext to get the purge under way.

Rybakov's method, again a traditional and time-honored one, is to alternate domestic scenes involving his cast of mostly youthful Muscovites and scenes

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in the Kremlin where Stalin and his henchmen are talking and planning. Complex intrigue abounds: for example, Sasha's uncle, a Party higher-up, is pressured by his nephew's arbitrary arrest. Although well done and full of biographical detail, Rybakov's picture of Stalin is too familiar to grip the experienced reader's attention. We have been here too many times before, and Rybakov uses conventions of historical fiction that are equally venerable. "Who is that young fellow?" "A Corsican called Bonaparte," replied Robespierre carelessly. "He will not amount to much." We have all read and enjoyed such things, but it is more difficult to take them seriously in a fictional context.

A delightful tenor voice is heard singing a song about nightingales and love at a pleasant dacha outside Moscow, and a visitor next door inquires about it. "Oh that's our neighbor, Comrade Yezhov—such a nice man." As every Russian knows, and most Western readers too, Yezhov, far from being a nice man, was head of Stalin's secret police; and his later reign of terror, still known as the Yezhovshchina, saw the liquidation of thousands of Soviet citizens and the arrest of tens of thousands more. The story of his charming manners and singing voice are also part of folk legend. Why go into the matter, then, with such an elaboration in a contemporary novel? The answer must be that these things can now be made official in the traditional authority of the Russian novel form, the misdoings may now be placed in a public record; and the old devices of the historical novel are there for that purpose.

CHILDREN OF THE ARBAT remains an impressive record, however, impressive in its scope, its understanding, even in the somewhat laborious conscientiousness with which the feel of an epoch is re-created. Paradoxically, the Russians love to get things right, to join their history and their culture together. The educated Russian's appetite for knowledge in such directions is far greater than that of his Western counterpart. Rybakov's novel is indeed destined to become a classic in its native land, although its circulation in the West is more likely to be among specialists and Soviet watchers, who would appreciate its wealth of local and historical detail. Vasily Grossman's great novel, *Life and Fate*, a panorama of Stalingrad and of Soviet Russia in war and peace, is a much more moving testament, as well as a deeply objective comparison between those twin children of national revolution, Nazism and Soviet Communism. But even a genuine blockbuster like *Life and Fate* seems to have dropped more or less dead in the West.

Grossman's novel remains unpublished in Russia, even though *Dr. Zhivago* is on sale there. There are certain comparisons (between Nazi and Soviet tyranny and methodology, for example) that still cannot be made, nor are they ever likely to be allowed. The Russian achievement in destroying Hitler and his armies is too sacred a matter, perhaps rightly. (One wonders how Solzhenitsyn will tackle it if he ever completes the great series begun with *August 1914*.) Rybakov, like most Soviet authors, would be careful to distinguish our lot from theirs, careful to emphasize that nothing is wrong with the Party, only with Stalin and his henchmen who abused it. (Of course, a simple retort might be made about the domination in perpetuity of a party capable of such abuse.) "The main thing, Kirov thought, was to protect the core of the Party organizations. As long as the Bolshevik hard core was alive and strong, the Party was indestructible." And the Party proved to be indestructible, no matter what Stalin did, just as the system of Peter the Great was perpetuated by his successors. Rybakov mentions more than once Alexei Tolstoy's novel *Peter the Great*, which flattered Peter and Stalin by open comparison.

But Rybakov's novel is also permeated with Balzac. Sasha manages to get a copy of *César Birotteau* from the Butyrki Prison library. He finds a heartening quote in it: " 'Unhappiness is a step toward the rise of genius, a purifying font for the Christian, a treasure for the deft, an abyss for the weak.' He was not a genius or a Christian, nor was he deft or weak. Yet he felt something in these words that was important to him." And important to Rybakov too. His sense of, and identification with, the decent Russian in Sasha, and his account of the processes of his arrest and interrogation, are clearly conveyed. And even his perception of Stalin's personality, however familiar, is well rendered; so are his descriptions of Stalin's dentist, his soft boots, his taste in wines. Drawn into all these matters, as by Scott or Balzac, the reader even begins to sympathize with the view that Stalin's "line was correct but his meth-

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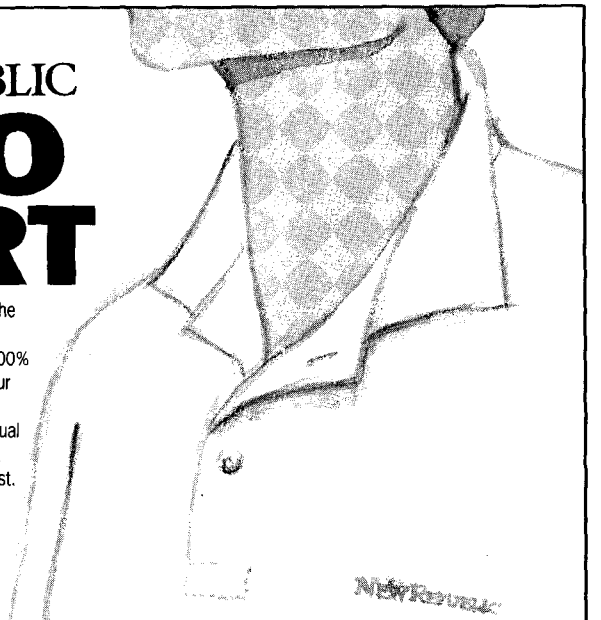

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ods unacceptable"; to enter into the way he played off his police chiefs, Yagoda and Yezhov, against each other; to see why he had to have Kirov assassinated.

Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner? Not exactly. We have here, rather, the novel at its immortal trick of making us accept the world it offers—a world in which we are delighted to read, among many other things, that young Varya, after setting up with a shady but affectionate Moscow spiv, got her dresses made by Nadezhda Lamanova, her brassieres by Lubenets, her girdles by Koshke on the Arbat, her shoes by Barkovsky, Gutmanovich and Dushkin. Those intimate details are what the good old novel is all about, they are its lifeblood. Rybakov is an artist, as well as an archivist, in the way he provides them.

JOHN BAYLEY

John Bayley is Thomas Wharton Professor of English and fellow of St. Catherine's College, Oxford. His most recent book is *The Short Story from Henry James to Elizabeth Bowen* (St. Martin's Press).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

DOMESTIC IMPORTANCE

To the editors:

Robert B. Reich writes in his review of Martin and Susan Tolchin's book *Buying Into America* ("The Big Bargain," April 4) that "General Mills has even sold off much of Betty Crocker to foreigners." This corporation and its employees want everybody to know that the Betty Crocker Division, the source of leading dessert and main meal mixes, is one of General Mills' largest, fastest growing, and most profitable businesses. It continues to be a prized and all-American equity, and rumors to the contrary are just that and should be squelched.

TERRY J. THOMPSON
General Mills, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

To the editors:

In reading Robert B. Reich's review, I was struck by the Tolchins' concern over the threat that foreign firms buying into U.S. markets present to U.S. political and economic sovereignty. Similar concerns—related to U.S. investment—have been expressed by Canadians for decades. Canada has been criticized in the past by U.S. policy-makers for its restrictions on foreign investment. Now the current Canadian federal government has proposed a free trade agreement with the United States, arguing, like Reich, that Canadians should welcome the greater competition and prosperity.

Canadians can certainly appreciate the public debate that Reich describes. My only question is: How does it feel, eh?

SAM GOODWIN
Toronto, Canada

RAIDERS OF THE VISUAL ARTS

To the editors:

In "Spielberg's Lament" (March 21) THE NEW REPUBLIC confuses very different legislative proposals regarding the rights of artists, and unfairly characterizes the Visual Artists Rights Act introduced by Senator Kennedy and me. First, our bill does not cover film. Second, it is inaccurate to say that it would "give artists a cut in all future sales" of their works. The bill would give creators of pictorial, graphic, and sculptural art a royalty of seven percent of the profit when one of their works is resold for 50 percent or more above its purchase price and more than $1,000. Nor would this resale royalty play "bureaucratic havoc with the art market." Ralph Oman, the Register of Copyrights, has testified that the necessary record-keeping would be "a rather simple undertaking."

Royalties to composers, poets, playwrights, and novelists have not wrecked their respective markets; rather, they have encouraged and rewarded the work of artists. Visual artists deserve no less. Our bill also protects artists' moral rights; the artist should have a civil legal recourse to prevent managers of an airport terminal from repainting a black and white Calder mobile green and gold and motorizing it, or to prevent profiteers from cutting a Picasso into 500 pieces and selling it in one-inch squares.

TNR does recognize that moral rights are inadequately protected, particularly for authors of visual art, that artists should have greater control over their work, and that the courts have been too slow to uphold these rights. There is only a small "passion gap" for TNR to leap to full support for legislation to establish clearly the rights of visual artists.

EDWARD J. MARKEY
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

PRIDE OF TALLAPOOSA

To the editors:

As a native son of the mythical Tallapoosa of Michael M. Lewis's Amtrak Diarist ("Train People," March 21), I am obliged to set straight a few points. Although I heard many tales from my great-grandfather, Jack Boone (a direct descendant of Daniel), and others, I have never heard Tallapoosa (in the Creek Indian language, "town by the river") referred to as "Possum Snout." It is an outrage for Mr. Lewis to suggest such a thing, and in retribution, I would not be surprised if he receives visitations from the various haunts of those long since dead who trekked into the foothills of Alabama in the early 1800s. Also, Baptist churches in the South are not "invariably" called "First Baptist Church." The church my family has attended for generations is resolutely known as Rock Springs Baptist Church ("The Small Church with a Big Welcome"). With the proper notice, and upon assurance that he has learned all the words to "What A Friend We Have In Jesus" (so as not to embarrass both himself and me), I will gladly escort Mr. Lewis to a Sunday service there. He may then see the real Tallapoosa.

MARK BARNES
New York, New York

TRB, *from page 4*

top. Dave Stockman told about the lying, Larry Speakes revealed that quotes of historic importance were made up by minions, and Don Regan claimed that important decisions were affected by advice from the First Lady's astrologer. My publisher says I really need some killer anecdotes to top this one. Can the stars supply some for me?

—R.R., Washington, D.C.

Dear R.R.:

What's left? Voodoo cults? Extortion plots? Cannibalism? Give up. As someone born under the sign of Ignoramus, with Blindeye rising through the constellation of Rosyscenario, you are not well suited to a career as a memoirist. The stars say you should delegate the task of history-writing to others. Avoid strenuous legislative and diplomatic initiatives in the near and middle future. The coming months will be a good time for a nap, especially in the morning, afternoon, and early evening.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Huffing and Puffing

WHY NOT a Thousand and One Great Books? Or why not just Two Great Books? In short, why the hubbub over Stanford's decision to reduce the number of required Western books in its core curriculum from 18 to six? Would it make any difference if it were raised to 47? The "Great Books" idea—that people can be introduced to our civilization by "reading" an arbitrary number of its texts—was most popular during and after the Second World War. It was propagated by Robert M. Hutchins from the University of Chicago (there were 100 in his series), and adopted lock, stock, and barrel by St. John's College—with 150 on its list. In this magazine 44 years ago (January 3, 1944), the great legal scholar Alexander Meiklejohn pondered the titles in these lists, and asked two unanswerable questions. "Why so many? Why so few?" What should be debated now, as then, is the worth of this method of making people familiar with Western civilization—not the subtraction or addition of a book or two. But in their hue and cry at Stanford's decision, our Chevy Chase cultural conservatives, including the secretary of education, William Bennett, are agitated only about *numbers* (of Great Books) and *names* (of Great Authors). They say nothing about the quality of the students' reading in such courses.

IS IT NOT shocking, one of them asks, that Stanford no longer "insists that Homer, Dante, and Darwin be read"? Is it? None of them was in my curriculum, all the way from kindergarten through Oxford. I did not have Greek, as we used to say. We were too busy being drilled line by line through Shakespeare to skim over Dante. I was neither forced nor urged to read *The Origin of the Species*—it seems inappropriate to say "Thank God!" The purpose of the introduction we were given to Western civilization (which of course was done at school, not left to the university) was to show us how to master a limited number of works, not to embrace in a quick survey what are put forward as its essential books. To spend a whole 13-week term with *The Tempest* tried the spirit of a 12-year-old boy. But mainly as a result of this schooling, I was entranced by the play, even after the mishap when my mother took me to see it at the Open Air Theatre in Regents Park. As Ariel swung across the stage from tree to tree in the bosky setting, his wire snapped, and the lively little fellow dropped to the boards in the middle of one of his more fanciful boasts of his prowess, "be't to fly, / To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride / The curl'd clouds." Thump went Ariel. The play is still magical to me, but also by this kind of rigorous study I was sent out able, later, to read Homer and all the rest by myself.

THE GREAT BOOKS CONSERVATIVES are most concerned about expository works of ideas—including, notably, political works. The vital play of imagination in our civilization is almost expelled. Apart from the unchallengeable *names*, which they know, of two or three poets, they have little care for poetry, though it is the highest form of literature, and one in which our civilization has particularly excelled. They also have scant time for novels. If I put *Emma* high on my list of Great Books, they'd laugh me out of court. Yet if there has to be a choice, I would rather *Emma* was read than *The Federalist*. It is also wrong to suggest to students that they can learn about their civilization by reading only its Great Books. There is no texture to our civilization without the allegedly minor works, and the student must be taught to hunt among them, and not just be handed the Great Authors as if they said it all and always said it best. They didn't. But then, you would not know from the contemptuous reference to other ("Third World") civilizations, and to the overdue claims for women's voices, that our civilization (and its best minds) has not only been continually subject to influences from outside, but that it has eagerly sought contact with them. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that these conservatives are agitated about whom to keep in the curriculum primarily because of their concern about whom to keep out.

TALKING OF Great Books, I was once invited to tea by two spirited elderly ladies in Charleston, South Carolina. They escorted me to the lawn of their rambling, run-down, antebellum house on the banks of the Ashley. Both were wearing veils like the Spanish moss hanging from the great shade trees under which we sat. I warmed to them even more when they set aside the silver tea service on hearing that I had never tasted a mint julep. (After that they made an even more convincing switch to bourbon and branch water.) "Have you read *Gone With the Wind*?" they asked me—they always seemed to speak in unison. I said I had seen the movie. "Tush!" they said. "If you wish to understand the South, Mr. Fairlie, you must read the book." I think they'd be upset that the descendants of Margaret Mitchell have commissioned a sequel to *GWTW*, and that on the basis of two chapters it was auctioned for $4.9 million. *GWTW* is a legitimate "classic" of our popular culture. Margaret Mitchell stubbornly refused to profit from writing a sequel; and there is an honor in that which I think should be honored. She knew where to stop, leaving the rest to the reader, in two lines known all over the world.

THE WAY THINGS are going, Winston Churchill and FDR could not travel by American commercial airlines (but Hitler could) unless the one extinguished his cigar and the other put away his cigarette-holder. I have no statistics to prove that our civilization has been saved and enriched by more smokers than non-smokers, but then I do not trust the use of statistics by the anti-smoking researchers and zealots. I do not doubt that smoking fouls one's lungs, and causes some people's deaths. But if an elderly person dies of lung cancer, say, a year or two before he otherwise would, I am not sure his death should be attributed to smoking. The impressive figures of deaths from smoking-related diseases should also be set beside the far larger number of smokers who do not die from such causes. I forget which American comedian said that the sad thing about the non-smokers and health nuts is that they will die at the same age as the rest of us, but they will die of nothing. Today's obsession with health is only another eruption of American puritanism. Personally I was gratified by the work of two British researchers showing that heavy smokers should not give up smoking since the walls of their lungs are held together by tar and nicotine. So fortified, I absorb the toxic emissions from the cars of non-smokers, and the fumings of our conservatives.

HENRY FAIRLIE

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